

Catholic Digest

APRIL 1952

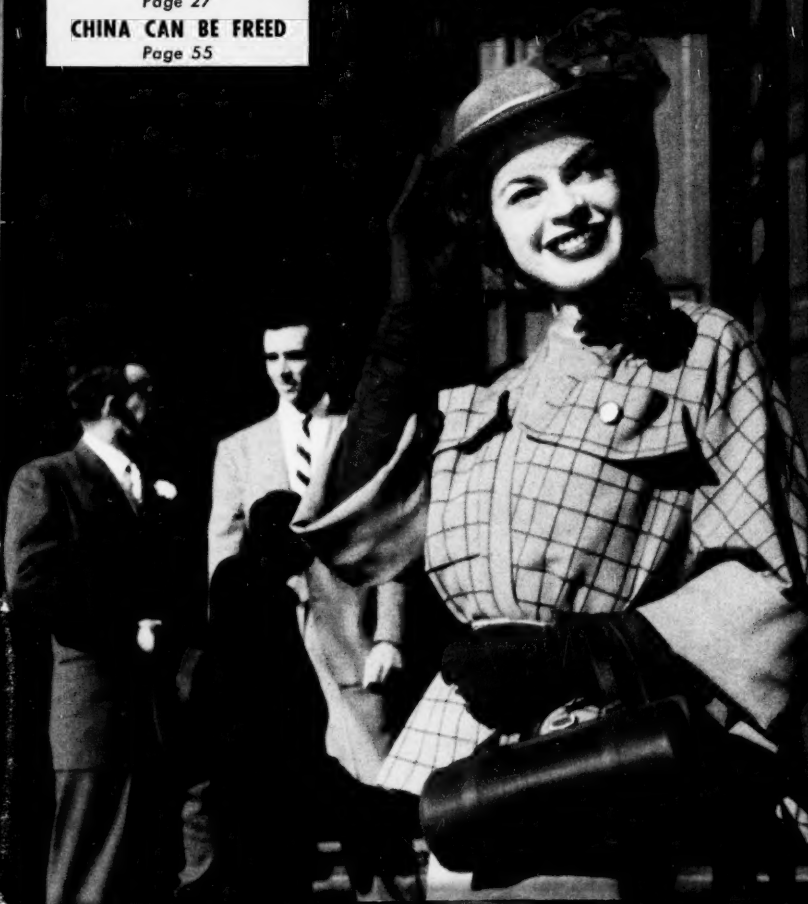
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**YOU CAN STILL
CHANGE THE WORLD**

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CHINA CAN BE FREED

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Catholic Digest

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VOLUME 16

APRIL, 1952

NUMBER 6

Wisdom in Readable Form

Memos of the School Devils

*Sometimes the demons overreach themselves
in their efforts to harass the lovers of truth*

By JOSEPH A. BREIG

Condensed from *The Devil You Say!**

This devilish report is but one fiendish morsel of a new book entitled The Devil You Say, (Bruce, \$2.50) by Joseph A. Breig. It purports to be a collection of statements and memoranda between hellish headquarters and Satan's operatives on earth. Breig will not say how he got hold of them. They set forth the devils engaged in the persecution of religion through the Soviets and the new secularism. Devils also have minor projects such as fostering quarrels between husbands and wives, prompting the housewife to go to fanatical extremes of neatness and so forth. The reader must put himself into the position of "thinking like the Devil." As author Breig says, "in this book everything is upside-down and wrong-side-out because the reports are written by the Devil."

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127 pp. \$2.50.

I N RE: The Case of the Walking School Children
to: Demon Smokescreen, director, Department of Education and Propaganda, Midwest U.S. Area

FROM: Devil Shopbull, chief clerk,
Division of School Infiltration

Director Smokescreen:

With your permission, there is a matter I wish to lay before you. My superior, Old Twistext, has been away. During his absence, I have achieved a notable victory. Under my urging, a board of school directors has banned children in religious schools from riding in public-school buses. I am wondering

whether this feat might not merit me a citation.

A great deal of cunning propaganda was required. I had to persuade the school directors that giving a child a ride to a parish school is a violation of a clause in the Constitution which forbids the government to set up a state church. I worked on this matter day and night. That is why I happened to be present when a newspaper reporter almost upset the applecart.

I was standing right beside the school director. He explained to the reporter that they couldn't let the religious-school children ride because that would "violate the traditional American principle of separation of church and state."

I tell you, Director Smokescreen, I was on pins and needles when the reporter asked his next question. "Would it be a violation," he asked, with a very deceitful calm, "if the relief board gave a poor child a pair of shoes in which he walked to a parish school?"

Instantly, I sent forth a suggestion to the school official that the reporter himself had probably gone to a religious school in his own boyhood. It worked beautifully.

"What kind of school did *you* go to?" asked the school director, suspiciously.

The reporter tried to get the conversation back to the subject, but the damage, as I had foreseen, was done. The thing to do in these cases is to keep people from thinking.

I kept prodding the school official, and he refused to answer any more questions. He waved the whole matter aside, and accused the journalist of being prejudiced.

Finally, the reporter shrugged and went his way. He had intended to ask how the government could pay tuition for war veterans in religious schools, if giving children a bus ride was unconstitutional.

He had also meant to inquire whether Congress was violating the Constitution by hiring chaplains for the House and Senate, and for the armed forces, not to mention providing chapels and equipment. But I forestalled all that. The whole affair ended with the school official angrier than ever and more than ever opposed to religious schools, and the parish-school children still walking to school.

There is a sight that I would like to show you some time, Director Smokescreen. It eases my pain considerably to see these brats, who are carefully taught to serve our Enemy, tramping along the roads while other youngsters ride. It does our cause good. And in this case, I flatter myself that it is all my doing. I am sure that Old Twisttext will be proud of me.

Your slave,
Shopbull

INTEROFFICE COMMUNICATION
TO: Shopbull, chief clerk, Division
of School Infiltration
FROM: Smokescreen, director, De-

partment of Education and Propaganda, Midwest U. S. Area

Shopbull, I am afraid you are going to have some explaining to do. Twistext dropped into the Head Office today. I showed him your report. You will hear from him shortly.

(Signed) Smokescreen

RUSH MEMORANDUM

TO: Shopbull, chief clerk, Division of School Infiltration

FROM: Twistext, manager on leave, Division of School Infiltration

Shopbull, you incredible idiot! If you so much as lift a hand again in this education matter until I return, I will have your hide and horns and tail. I will have them anyhow.

(Signed) Twistext

SPECIAL EMERGENCY MEMO

TO: Smokescreen, director, Department of Education and Propaganda, Midwest U. S. Area

FROM: Twistext, manager on leave, Division of School Infiltration

Smokescreen, you will simply have to get that imbecile Shopbull out of my horns. I can't have his bungling in my office any longer. Let me explain from the first.

My first great achievement in the School Infiltration division was the capture of Professor Dewlap of Republic university in New York. He was a kind of educational philosopher, and any number of school principals and teachers and super-

intendents worshiped him open-mouthed.

Before Dewlap and I started our work together, hardly anybody in America had ever so much as dreamed of such a thing as excluding religion completely from education. All the earliest schools were religious schools. The idea that religion was not a field of knowledge was unheard of. Furthermore, religion was held in reverence in America, and anybody who attacked it was considered queer, like the village idiot.

Religion was patriotic. It was embedded in the nation's beginnings, in the Declaration of Independence, in the Constitution, in the whole national history. That was the situation I faced when I was assigned. In such an atmosphere, you had a hard job to get people to be against religion.

Yet, Dewlap and I fixed everything. First we got people to quarreling about which religion should be taught in public schools. We carefully blinded them to the fact that each child, with a bit of arranging, could have been taught his own religion. We caused so much dissension that finally people threw up their hands and figured that the best way out was not to teach religion at all.

Then we began making it appear that religion in education was not only difficult, but downright unpatriotic. We talked about the Constitution until people began to

think there was something unlawful about religion in schools. Why, we even pulled the wool over the Supreme Court's eyes!

We actually made it seem that anybody who argued that religion is the most important field of knowledge, and ought to be included in education, was an ignorant fool, not to say a scofflaw, a mountebank, an enemy of his country, and ill-mannered troublemaker.

We got to the point where almost everybody was afraid to mention the subject. Religion was being ignored right out of the schools, and right out of the lives of most of the young people.

And just then that gibbering, drooling lunatic, Shopbull, comes blustering along like the ox he is, and gets a handful of brats barred from a school bus!

You know as well as I do, Smokescreen, that these weird

Americans will always rally to the defense of the underdog. And this dithering moron, Shopbull, has made religion the underdog, right out in plain view of everybody.

The lardhead has clothed the whole argument, so to speak, in flesh and blood. And that was exactly what I was exerting every effort to avoid. The people who care about religion are roused, and some who don't care much about religion, but do care about fair play, are rousing too.

Smokescreen, just stop for one moment and imagine what a public uproar there will be if one of those parish-school children is killed by an automobile or train, or is kidnaped, while walking to school after being refused a ride in a public-school bus going his way. I tell you, that fool Shopbull has lighted a fuse under us.

(Signed) Twistest

Bargains In Prayer

THE convert mother prayed before the Blessed Sacrament that her children might be priests and Religious. Day after day, from five to six in the evening, she was on her knees. The children watched for 20 years.

The result? Of her 13 children, her five daughters entered the convent, and six of her eight sons became priests. Of these, three became bishops. One was auxiliary bishop of Salford; another archbishop of Sydney, Australia; the third and eldest, the great Tertiary Cardinal, Archbishop of Westminster, builder of Westminster cathedral, and founder of two Religious Congregations, Herbert Vaughan. The Congregations he founded were the Mill Hill Fathers and Sisters. The latter still flourish as a Franciscan Sisterhood, American headquarters, 2226 Maryland Ave., Baltimore, Md.

The eleven vocations cost, roughly, 7,305 hours of prayer!

The Forum, (Nov. '51).

Frenchmen Are Different!

Except for a cynicism which is presently plaguing him, a Frenchman knows values—and makes everything yield its best

By JOSEPH A. BARRY

Condensed from *Left Bank, Right Bank**

AN AMERICAN returns from vacation, packs away his swimming suit, and braces himself for the 11½ months before his next two-week break. A Frenchman relaxes all year round and tops it off with a month's holiday.

Comes the weekend, and M. Jean Dupont, the average Frenchman, takes Saturday or Monday off in addition to the untouchable Sunday. That's enough to send him and thousands of others on a mass movement out of the cities. You can see them on their tandem bicycles taking the highroad out of Paris to the countryside only 30 minutes away. You often see a dog sitting in a basket in front and in line behind, mamma, papa, and baby, all dressed in the same sport outfit with matching colors. Sometimes there is the same line-up on a motorcycle or a Simca 5, a mechanical marvel of four cylinders and two seats that will hold four grownups and two children and their bags. Whether they carry packs or wheel loaded baby carriages, they're off



from Friday evening to Monday morning from the first sign of spring until fall.

For a one-day holiday, they go to the great parks of Paris, the Bois de Boulogne or the Bois de Vincennes, and bring everything from their homes except the walls. They sit under the trees on their dining-room chairs and eat off the dining-room table. How they get the furniture there is a mystery. Although they left the walls home, they are still separated from their neighbors by their French standoffishness. On the beaches they get the same privacy. They find freedom from their neighbors restful, and manage it by denying their existence.

You can see small family groups walking along the River Seine, in the gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, in the Bois de Boulogne, and at the circus, where they can find entertainment for the whole family.

An American girl, one of the few I know who managed her vacation dream of attracting a real Frenchman, ran smack up against the wall of French family life. One of their dates happened to conflict with a family date. "Break it," she said. "I can't," he said, "it's a family affair." And he didn't.

During the 1st World War, a Frenchman I knew, named Claude, became a buddy of another Frenchman named Jean. They discovered to their surprise that they both came from the town of Lyons. They told each other they must get together after the war. After the war they separated and never did get around to looking each other up. Not long ago, fully 30 years after the war, Claude bumped into Jean on the street. He phoned his wife and said, "Do you remember the man I told you so much about? Yes, Jean. Well, I just met him and I want to invite him to dinner tonight. Is it all right? Good, I'll bring him at 8 o'clock."

At 8 o'clock Claude showed up without Jean. "I decided," he told his wife, "not to bring him home with me. Before long, he would be inviting us; you would be meeting his wife; it would go on and on."

In France, boys are raised as if they were girls. If one has been in France long enough, he never makes the mistake of remarking to the mother of a child wearing bloomers and long curls, each curl held in place with bobby pins, "What a nice looking girl." The girl is often a boy and the parent would usually be annoyed. Visitors learn to say, "A-a-ah, the child is beautiful, isn't it?"

In time, boys are treated like little men and the girls like little women. Thus French girls grow into magnificent creatures, fit feminine mates for any man, whereas French boys grow into little men who once wore curls and had no boyhood. They know fabrics and the faintest shades of pastel color. Consequently the Frenchwoman, unlike American women, dresses, not only for women, but for men, who, 90 times out of 91, designed her clothes or helped her choose them.

Frenchmen sometimes relax by being noisy and discontented, as anyone who has taken a taxi in Paris knows. The driver screams at you, you scream at him, and in a short time both of you are screaming at a truck driver. The Parisian, like a leaky pot, never explodes, he simply simmers away. The young, especially students, are given special

dispensation to be noisy; if not, the French say, what kind of men will they be when middle-aged? So a student can form a parade or dress in war paint on certain nights of the year and no one will pay any attention. That's his affair. If you are going to worry about everyone who staggers from a straight line, you'll spoil your own relaxation.

Frenchmen grant each other the right to be different, because for them it is the easy thing to do. Women don't have to look like Veronica Lake this year and Lauren Bacall the next: they look like themselves all the time, except when they are feeling especially gay, when they look more like themselves than ever. A wife doesn't nag her husband about keeping up with the neighbors. She doesn't want him to be like them. She doesn't carry the burden of a double life, one with her husband and one without him. She makes his job her hobby and in France no secretary understands her boss better than his wife. It's all very relaxing. Often a Frenchman's wife and children will meet him at a cafe after work and go to an early movie with him before supper.

Relaxing starts the morning of every day for M. Jean Dupont. He gets up as late as possible before going to work. He arrives no earlier and no later than he must. He knows there is no point in being an eager beaver, since he will probably be doing the same thing the

rest of his life, whether or not he arrives before the boss. Right from the start M. Dupont side-steps one cause for an upset stomach: ambition.

From 9, sometimes 8, to noon, this lack of ambition keeps the Frenchman going. He does his job well within the limits of fatigue. If he is a skilled worker, the results are magnificent. If he is a functionary, they couldn't be worse. Stopping work for lunch means closing the shops and offices early so that M. and Mme. Dupont can have their full two hours for eating and resting. Only Americans get excited about this. The essential stores, like bakeries and wine shops, stay open until 1 or 2, then close until late afternoon. After all, the Frenchman says, three or four hours of work certainly deserve at least two hours of lunch! Otherwise, why work?

The American in Paris soon discovers that two hours in an office require three hours of lunch. The best way to distinguish an old-timer from a newcomer is by the former's air of greater relaxation. Americans who settle in Paris after visiting London usually break the grind of letter reading with tea and the harder grind of letter writing with more tea. Tea has become a more profound demoralizer for this generation than absinthe was for the last.

After the two-hour lunch, which explains the small breakfast (the Frenchman never allows a lesser

pleasure to interfere with a greater), M. Dupont reopens his shop or office between 2:15 and 2:30, unless he is important, in which case it is closer to 4. Again he works as fast as he can—in comfort—another key trick in the art of living. He closes at 6 or 7, depending on the length of his lunch period and his own importance. Cabinet members, for instance, may be phoned at noon or 8 P.M. with a reasonable chance of finding them in their offices.

Between 6 and 8, between work and wife, Jean Dupont sits in his favorite chair at his favorite cafe, sips a drink, never a soft drink that might spoil his appetite, and reads his favorite newspaper. His four-page newspaper rarely upsets him, because 1. he buys only the one that he agrees with completely, and 2. he never completely believes what he reads. So, finally, when Jean comes home after a day's work, with a loaf of bread and a bunch of flowers, he does not act toward his wife as a tired wage slave who would like to play king at home for a change. Nor does she ask him where he has been so long, since she knows the cafe is a kind of purgatory between the hell of work and the heaven of home.

He, his wife, and his children take a meal of four or five courses with two bottles of wine. No rush, no hasty gulping. If they are going to the movies, they will take in a 10 o'clock show. Generally they pass a long evening by themselves, un-

Joseph A. Barry is chief of the Paris bureau, *Sunday New York Times*. He is a former librarian; and served in the army, European theater, from 1941 to 1946, rising from private to captain.

troubled by the Lone Ranger or a trumped ace.

Paris is made for pleasure. No quarter is far from a park or garden. The Duponts can sail boats in the gardens of the Luxembourg or the Tuileries, or the father can bowl while his family watches. Each quarter has a large square for dancing on holidays, such as Bastille day, or for street shows throughout the year. In Montmartre, a strong man or a contortionist performs on every corner. In the evening a man can sit under the trees or break pipes in a shooting gallery. He can play billiards or take his children to a one-ring circus. He can stroll along the boulevards or treat his family to a Punch-and-Judy show. He has the choice of a museum or a music hall, fountains or fireworks.

Jean Dupont does one, none, or all of these things, as he sees fit, for otherwise he would be overextending himself in the name of relaxation. Actually, once a year, during his full month's vacation in August, when everything closes but tourist spots, he does work hard at having a good time, just as hard as the average American, except that he has 11 months to recover!

An Expert "Sells" the Faith

To convince the "customer," you must know both him and what you are offering him

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

WHEN readers of the Indianapolis *Star* opened their papers on Jan. 2, 1951, they found an arresting headline over an advertisement, "WHY SENATOR WAGNER BECAME A CATHOLIC." "A minister's son," they read, "who came from Germany as a poor boy of eight became a Catholic in 1946, when he was 68."

They wanted to know why. The ad told them.

Readers were asked to telephone or write for further information to the Catholic Information bureau, 148 W. Georgia St., Indianapolis 25, Ind.

That day the bureau's newly installed phone was buzzing with inquiries. The next day the mailman brought a pile of letters to its door. The Indiana council of the Knights of Columbus knew its new technique for

capturing public interest in the teachings of the Church had succeeded.

The man behind the advertising was a dynamic young convert, Mark Gross, head of the advertising firm, *Mark Gross and Associates*, in Indianapolis. Mark knew

non-Catholic prejudice and sensitivity, and used this knowledge in devising his advertisement. "People must be told the truth," he put it, "but in the right way."

His opportunity had come at an Indianapolis council meeting. At their annual Communion breakfast some time before, every one of the 600 Knights had given the following pledge. "I solemnly promise that I shall strive to the best of my ability to share the precious treasure of my holy Catholic faith with my church-

why Senator Wagner became a Catholic

SENATOR ROBERT F. WAGNER of New York
a minister's son who came from Germany
as a poor boy of 8

became a Catholic in 1946, when he was 68.
"It was with full understanding and consideration that I did
decide to take the final step of becoming a Catholic," Senator
Wagner writes in "The Road to Damascus"—on which he and
14 other prominent American men and women tell how their personal
investigations led them to join the Catholic Church—
edited by J. A. O'Brien, Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1949.

"If I were influenced emotionally," Senator
Wagner points out, "I was even more influenced
by the intellectual appeal of the Church."
Every pore of its teachings and doctrines faced
together and reinforced the others. Nothing
appeared extreme . . .

"I was made particularly aware of this as I became acquainted
with the Church's social philosophy. Every man had a soul
and that's why man had a right to be preserved
and enhanced. Man dignified his personality on that on which
he labored. . . . Work was therefore something honorable and the
expression of God in man . . .

"Certainly the social doctrines of the Church, becoming a part
of me, really influenced my final acceptance of all the teachings
of the Church," Senator Wagner writes.

"Once you have come to the Faith, it is diffi-
cult to understand how one could be content
without it. . . . It is as though a mass of thousands
of different lines in wire combine suddenly
shaped themselves into a beautiful, harmonious,
and thrilling picture," the Senator observes.

Every man must take his American ideals who were not
there. Catholics decide to become Catholics. . . . for reasons like
Senator Wagner's or for hundreds of other reasons. . . . laboring
people, writers, farmers, doctors, ministers, scientists, business
men, etc. . . . men, husband, wife and children together . . .

FREE: If you would like to know more about the position of
the Catholic Church on moral and labor, you may have copies of
"Social Discrimination," "Condition of the Working Class,"
(referred to by Senator Wagner) . . . or if you would like to
know more about the Catholic Church generally, you may have a
"Catholic booklet" mailed. "The Faith Alone Catholic" . . .
back . . . by just calling (room 148) or writing your . . .

CATHOLIC INFORMATION BUREAU
148 W. Georgia St. • Riley 1877 • Indianapolis 25, Ind.

Next Tuesday . . .

"why Clare Boothe Luce became a Catholic"

This advertisement is the only one authorized by
the National Council of the Knights of Columbus

The Mark Gross advertising program is a local application of the national Knights of Columbus program. The latter is still in operation. It has had 957,522 inquiries and has enrolled 82,366 persons in courses of religious instruction by mail.

less friends and neighbors. This I shall do by the edifying example of my own upright life, by explaining my religion to others."

To fulfill that pledge the K. of C. had called on Gross. His method was to show how credentials of the faith appealed to the minds of converts of our time. After the story of Senator Wagner, he featured the story of the playwright, Clare Boothe Luce. There were more inquiries. The ads ended by offering additional information about the Church and a free 48 page pamphlet, *What Catholics Believe*.

The next news release featured the conversion story of Katherine Burton, sketched briefly in the convert symposium, *Where I Found Christ*. It offered the free pamphlet, *Is One Religion as Good as Another?* The last January installment bore the title: *Which Came First—the Bible or the Church?* It dealt with common misconceptions among non-Catholics, and offered free the 32 page pamphlet, *The Church—the Interpreter of the Bible*.

The ads ran 36 weeks. Some

were new and others repetitions. There were 1,702 inquiries; 479 by phone, 1,223 by mail.

There is a follow-up experiment, still in progress. It indicates that repeated insertion of the eight most effective ads can boost annual inquiries to one in every 51 subscribers while reducing the cost to only 82¢ per inquiry.

A careful analysis discloses seven decisive factors in the success of the ads. 1. Experts aware of the psychological gap between Catholic truth and the non-Catholic mind prepared the ads.

2. The promoters used the telephone, in addition to mail, as an inquiry medium. As a consequence, 28% of the inquiries were by phone. Most of these would have been lost if mail had been the only medium. Undoubtedly, inquiries from nationally published ads could be increased by thousands if more were inserted in local newspapers and carried a local Catholic Information bureau telephone number.

3. Weekly ads sustained interest better than monthly ads. By appearing weekly, the ads covered more aspects of the faith than the ads which appeared at monthly or less frequent intervals.

4. The newspaper series, once established, was read by more people than were ads in secular magazines of the same circulation.

5. Some ads were repeated in some districts and omitted in others to get maximum pulling power.

When all scheduling had been controlled nationally from one central point, it had been impossible to take advantage of the fact that in certain communities some topics pull better than others.

6. Local scheduling permitted "workshop" testing. The ads needed to be changed, tried, switched, and amended until maximum pull was established.

7. The Gross ads used testimonials from well-known persons. Such ads brought inquiries from readers who had never been stirred by any other Catholic ad.

Interest in the Gross ads was reflected in Indianapolis book stores. Sales of the books *The Road To Damascus* and *Where I Found Christ*, on which they were based, increased more than 400% during the 15-week period when they were being mentioned specifically, week after week, in the ads.

The Indianapolis K. of C. released the report of their 36 weeks campaign on the 10th anniversary of the death of Karl Rogers, the advertising man who pioneered the Narberth plan of Catholic news-

paper advertising in 1919. By coincidence, it marked the 7th anniversary of the St. Louis newspaper-advertising program launched by the late Charles Kelly, who went on to pioneer the K. of C. advertising campaign on a nation-wide scale.

The reference to anniversaries reminds us of another. The night on which I write these lines is the 8th anniversary of a call upon me at Notre Dame. Answering a knock at the door, I saw two strangers shivering in the January cold.

"May we come in," they inquired, "and ask some questions about the Catholic faith?"

"Certainly," I replied, "come in out of the darkness and the cold."

When they left three hours later they said, "We shall contact Father Dapp after we return home and make arrangements to enter the Catholic Church."

Their names? Mr. and Mrs. William J. Gross of Fort Wayne. That was the first act of this spiritual drama. It reached its climax in the action of their son in writing the answers for all men to read.



Easter Parade

WHEN we dress in our best at Easter we continue a practice of the earliest Christians. In the early Church Baptism was administered at Easter; the catechumens wore spotless white robes as a sign of their new life of grace. They commemorated this new beginning every year afterwards at Easter, by wearing their very best clothes.

Tower of Truth Club Bulletin.

Queen of Ballet

Janet Collins is the first of her race to dance at the Metropolitan Opera

By MILTON LOMASK

BALLET rehearsal on the drafty 5th floor of the Metropolitan Opera house in New York City looks like a ballet rehearsal anywhere in the world. The main elements are some 35 young dancers, a bored piano player pounding a baby grand beneath the obscurity of a green eyeshade, exercise bars on three sides of the room, two mammoth mirrors along the fourth.

At 1:15 P.M., ballet master Zachary Solov sounds an imperious "And!" The girls who have been catching up on their knitting put it aside. Those who have been darning their toe shoes stash their needles. The other members of the company loll away from the practice bars, and rehearsal begins. Sooner or later Janet Collins, *première danseuse*, comes down the steps from the dressing rooms, swipes her slippers a couple of times in a box of rosin,

does a few *pliés* at the bar, a flutter of *battements* and other exercises, and prepares to run through her solo.

It is a brilliant solo. It answers in a twinkle the question of how this slight Negro girl could have attained a position of such eminence in a field previously closed to the members of her race. For Janet Collins is the first Negro to "make" the Metropolitan Opera's permanent roster of artists, and, as far as anyone seems able to recall, the first Negro ballerina in history.



Photo by Marcus Bleckman

Her story has the elements achievement-loving Americans like. It has the long, hard struggle; the practically immovable will coping with the all-but-irresistible obstacles; the heartbreaks along the way and the triumphs later on. Says Hanya Holm, world-famous modern dancer, "I can explain it only one way, this wonderful thing

Janet Collins has done. There must be behind her a remarkable family."

There is. It is a large Catholic family, half French and half Negro. Most of its members still live in Los Angeles, where Janet grew up and began her career. There is her father, Ernest L. Collins, a tailor, whom Janet describes as "bright, high strung, fond of mathematics, checkers and good books." There is her mother, born Alma DeLavalade. "I cannot tell you how I like her," says Janet. "She is the cement that holds us all together. She has this wonderful sense of equilibrium."

There is a soldier brother and four sisters, numbering among them a social worker, an elementary school teacher, and a Phi Beta Kappa language student now studying at the Sorbonne in Paris on a John Hay Whitney scholarship. Towering above them all, if one is to believe Janet's many friends, is her mother's 82-year-old mother, grandmother Emma DeLavalade.

Grandmother Emma is the only member of the family who has visited Janet since the latter left Los Angeles in 1949. It was then that Janet came to New York to rise in three work-filled years from promising young dancer to star in her own right. Grandmother came from Los Angeles by way of New Orleans and rural Georgia. She came bearing a dim view of city folks' eating habits. "What with

nothing but brick and mortar for miles around you," she greeted her granddaughter, "you must be near starved for some real, nutritious, soil-grown food. There!" And she handed her granddaughter a hat-box so heavy that Janet could scarcely lug it up the steps of her apartment house in New York's Harlem.

Inside the box were three dozen country eggs, several pounds of potted meat, and a can of newly made okra. "Put them inside of you, my child," commanded grandmother, "and regain your health!"

Janet took her grandmother to the Young Men's & Young Women's Hebrew association on 92nd St., where granddaughter had made her first appearance before New York critics. She introduced her to her new "city-slicker" friends. Tall, elegant, alert, grandmother won all hearts. "Your grandmother," said William Kolodney, educational director at the 92nd St. Y, "looks like Queen Victoria should have looked."

The queenly grandmother visited four weeks. She went home satisfied, she said, that the world's biggest city had not overwhelmed her granddaughter. "If anything," she was to report to the family in Los Angeles, "the reverse has happened!"

Grandmother Emma's name figures large in Janet's story. So do the names of her mother's sisters, Mrs. Adele Young and Mrs. An-

gelique Bratton, both of Los Angeles. Janet thumbnails her aunts, "They are both very social-minded, but in different ways. Aunt Adele most loves people, and aunt Angelique most loves parties."

Janet was born in New Orleans, but when she was four the family moved to Los Angeles. For years grandmother Emma had preached, "Go west, young Collinses. There are more opportunities there." Finally she purchased a property on Washington Blvd. near Central Ave., Los Angeles, and there Janet Collins grew up, having, as she puts it now, "the better of two houses," with grandmother living in the big house on the boulevard while the Collinses occupied a smaller five-room place behind.

Janet was 8 when "this longing to dance took hold." She was standing on the front steps of her grandmother's house. It was late afternoon. Before her, in the front yard, the fronds of two date palms swayed in the wind. Janet lifted her arms and swayed too, imitating the leaves. "From then on," she says, "I wanted to dance."

Her family thought badly of it. Janet, they said, was too fragile. This was their spoken objection. Behind it lay a knowledge of what professional dancing usually means to a Negro. In those days no one ever dreamed of a Negro dancing in such world-renowned places as the Metropolitan. They thought only of smoke-webbed night clubs,

I BOUGHT some goldfish the other day. Three are gold, but two are black, poor dears. Now mark you, I put them all together. They are all swimming in the same water, in the same bowl.

You see, I don't believe in segregation!

Janet Collins.

of noisy, drunken, raptly inattentive audiences. Even so, when Janet reached 10, she was permitted, though not exactly encouraged, to study dancing at a Catholic center at 16th and Latham Sts.

After public school, junior, and senior high, Janet enrolled at Los Angeles City college. An article in the Negro newspaper, the *Los Angeles Tribune*, limns the Janet of those days. "She was a little ol' thing, a veritable gamin," writes editor Almena Davis, "with a high, shrill laugh, given to striking formal and theatrical poses," and with "a suggestion of muscle in them knotty legs."

Janet's "shrill laugh" is a silver peal now, and dance critics have long since spotted her as one of the true beauties of the theater. On the Metropolitan data sheet, she is described as five-feet-two, 110 pounds, black hair, brown eyes. These vital statistics scarcely do justice to the long, fine lines of Janet's face, the firm features, the warmth of her large, now sad, now humorous eyes.

All through her school days, Janet continued to study dancing. And her family continued to take the position that Janet's career would be portrait painting. She did have art talent. She also had a good friend in Fernanda Collins (no relation), a poetry-writing boy, now a plain-clothes man on the Los Angeles police force.

Detective-to-be and dancer met in junior high. Later Fernanda got a job running an elevator in the building where the late Lewis Cruikshank, corporation attorney for Silverwood's men's store, had his office.

One day Fernanda told Mr. Cruikshank about Janet, and Cruikshank, a direct descendant of the George Cruikshank who illustrated Dickens, got her a scholarship to the Los Angeles Art Center school. Janet switched from City college to Art Center, where she studied for two years.

Meanwhile her dance career was shaping up. She studied ballet under Louise Beverly, a Negro teacher. Later she was to study much more ballet, character dancing, modern and Spanish, under some of the great names in the field, under Carmelita Maracci, Adolph Bolm, Mia Slavenska, Elisa Cansino, and others. In her high-school days she toured the local vaudeville circuit with Allan Dickson and Graham Fain. They did *adagio* and billed themselves as *Three Shades of Brown*. Fresh out of art school,

she went with Katherine Dunham on the first of that modern dancer's celebrated tours. After that came a series of night-club appearances and a spell with the San Francisco School of Ballet.

One morning, aunt Adele, the "people-loving" aunt, chanced on a notice in a Los Angeles newspaper. Soon Janet was hurrying to the Philharmonic auditorium to audition for Léonide Massine, then first dancer with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo.

"You're wonderful," said Massine. "I could use you in the chorus, but only on one condition: that you paint your face white. Judging from your forthright manner, I scarcely think you would do that."

"No," said Janet, "I would not." There were to be other such disappointments. Janet recalls them without regret. "If you stumble today," she says, "pick yourself up tomorrow. That's what tomorrows are for."

She was soon to have an opportunity to practice this hardy philosophy. After a summer spent choreographing dances with Ernest Bloch, the famous Swiss-born composer of Hebraic music, she decided the time had come to go on tour. To do this, she must have the backing of one of the large concert bureaus. This meant attracting their attention by creating dances of her own and presenting them in solo concert.

She devoted three years to this

project. The concert took place Nov. 13, 1947, at Las Palmas theater in Los Angeles. Janet gave away \$60 worth of tickets, most of them to concert-bureau representatives. It was a success. West-coast critics ecstasized. Not till it was all over did she learn that no concert bureau will send a dancer on tour unless she headquarters in New York City!

Janet Collins had encountered an ill wind. It was to blow her to New York, and fame.

Unfortunately she had spent all her money on the concert. It took her a year to earn enough to move east. She danced at the University of California in Los Angeles, at Lester Horton's Modern Dance theater, in a movie for Columbia studios. Most of the money, however, came from her second talent. Lamarr Hill commissioned her to do a full-length portrait of his dead father, founder of Los Angeles' largest Negro funeral parlor. It proved a difficult job, for the only good photograph of the late Mr. Hill showed his body unclearly and his hands not at all. Janet had to use the son's body and hands as her models.

Lamarr Hill paid her generously, and early in 1949 she boarded a train to New York. She sat up the whole trip. Hearing of this plan beforehand, aunt Angelique was horrified. It was not a chic way to travel; "besides, my dear, it will take you from two weeks to two

years to rest up." Arrived in New York, Janet rested two days, and got busy.

Who was there to guide her? Whom did she know in Gotham's bristly and competitive dance world? Very few, and none well. She had had some correspondence with that brilliant dancer and choreographer, Doris Humphrey. "Janet," recalls Miss Humphrey, "had written me as to whether she should come to New York. I wrote her not to unless she had a job or enough money to keep from starving for at least one year. Believe me, my advice was 100% good."

And 110% ignored. Janet arrived in the dance capital of the world with \$200 and a room to live in. The room was a courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Masser, architectural photographers. Janet lived on the top floor of their 92nd St. brownstone. Mrs. Masser, better known in her profession as Phyllis Dearborn, enjoys talking about those days.

"The thing that amazed us was Janet's very organized mind. She could juggle more projects at one time than anyone we'd ever known."

Janet's first months in New York, according to Mrs. Masser, were a period of *Sturm und Drang*, of jobs almost got then wholly lost, almost got again, lost again. She had three trunkloads of dance costumes, all designed by herself, but her per-

sonal wardrobe was skimpy. It had been purchased, moreover, for sun-blistered California, not chilblained New York. For interviews and other make-an-impression occasions, she had a little wine-colored jacket, which she wore with various skirts.

One thing she did have: ability to make friends. Rosalyn Krokovar, dance critic on the *Musical Courier*, told her, "Don't go to the concert bureaus. Dance where the critics can see you. If your notices are good, the concert bureaus will come to you."

Janet followed this advice. She applied for an audition at the 92nd St. Y. Each year, at this organization, a group known as the Dance Teachers Advisory committee auditions creative young dancers. Five are selected and presented in joint concert. Janet's audition is delightfully described by Muriel Stuart, committee member, teacher at the School of American Ballet, and one-time soloist with Anna Pavlova, probably the greatest ballerina of them all.

"You can imagine," says Miss Stuart, "how hard-boiled a bunch of New York dance teachers are. Janet did a dance to a Mozart rondo. When she finished, there was applause. I mean spontaneous applause. I mean we clapped, we shouted, we stamped our feet."

Afterwards, the committee, ten nationally known dancers, conferred. "Some," says Miss Stuart, "opposed putting Janet on a joint con-

cert. They said she would dominate it, that the other dancers would not even be noticed. The rest of us overruled that. We insisted that Janet have her chance. We hoped the critics would come."

They did. John Martin of the *New York Times* and Walter Terry of the *Herald Tribune* wrote that Janet was "a find of major proportions." They spoke of her "superb control," the "moving honesty of her work," the "artistry in every line." They persuaded the Y to present her in a solo concert in March, 1949.

Hanya Holm saw this. She was then choreographing dances for the forthcoming Cole Porter musical *Out of This World*. She hired Janet as a soloist. *Out of This World*, a hit of the 1950-51 Broadway season, ran six months. Every night Janet stopped the show. In the fall of 1951, Zachary Solov, director of the Metropolitan ballet, stepped into the office of general manager Rudolf Bing.

"There's a young Negro I would like to use as a *première danseuse*," he said.

"Is she good?" asked Bing.

"Very," said Solov.

"Hire her," said Bing.

Janet made her first appearance before the diamond horseshoe in *Aida* on opening night. Her appointment, previously announced was national news. Writers from coast to coast hoped the Met's action was an earnest of its intent to

someday employ Negro singers too, singers of the caliber of Marian Anderson, Dorothy Maynor, and Muriel Rahn.

A New York reporter observed that Janet herself seemed "strangely unaware that she was making history."

Janet was not unaware. She had simply recognized the limited capacity of words to deal with these

poignant issues. Janet herself has a more effective vocabulary. In movement, in her own element, she has often expressed her feelings. She has done so in dances of her own making, in *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen*, which tells of the Negro people's woes; in *Juba*, which tells of their joys; and in *New Land*, which tells of their hopes.



Small and Smart

NO ONE is in awe of the red sash, cape, and biretta which Msgr. Raymond O'Brien wears on state occasions. Commented one little tyke, when he first viewed monsignor's splendor, "Gee, Father, too bad you're not wired. If you were, you'd light up like a Christmas tree."

Catherine Anderson in the Torch (Nov. '51).

Mary Jane was asked the definition of a *guided missile*. Without hesitation her answer was "Father Stedman."

Morilyn Jack.

She was five years old. Her father was an air force pilot. So when she said her evening prayers she always ended them like this: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. Roger."

Arthur Godfrey's program (16 July '51).

A dime was clutched in his grimy fist as the little fellow hurried up the aisle. He dropped his dime in the slot, picked out the votive candle, lighted it and knelt. Suddenly he felt another boy kneeling very close to him. He stood it for a moment. Then he leaned over, and in a resentful whisper said, "You move over. Pray on your own candle."

Eastern Messenger (Sept. '51).

We teach in a poor neighborhood where children don't get enough to eat. During Lent, our 4A Sister told her class not to abstain from sweets. "You need that sugar," she told them. "But do this. When there is something on the table you don't like, eat it, and offer that up for Lent." About two weeks later, Sister got back on the subject of fasting. Up went a little hand. "Sister," the young fellow reported, "it's two weeks now, and nothing came onto the table that I don't like."

Sr. Rose Agnes.

Zuckerman Designs a New Press

*The magazine you are reading is
its first product*

By JOHN KEATING

BEGINNING with this issue, the CATHOLIC DIGEST is being printed on a brand new press. The monster machine weighs 126 tons and sprawls over 1200 square feet of floor space in the Webb Publishing Co. plant in Saint Paul, Minn.

The new machine can turn out more than 16,000 copies of the DIGEST in an hour. Johannes Gutenberg, who invented the printing press 500 years ago, was highly pleased when his first, simple, wooden, hand-operated press proved capable of printing 200 copies of the Bible in something like seven years.

Gutenberg has become a familiar figure of history. But the names of the men who helped transform his primitive instrument into the mechanical marvel of today are mostly lost. Possibly the only other name known to the average reader is that of William Caxton of England. The rest are known only to students of the history of printing.

The name of Adolph Zuckerman, for example, is all but unknown outside the profession of press design and manufacture. Yet Zucker-

man, who designed the new DIGEST press, has probably contributed more to the development of the modern magazine press than any other living man. Fifty patents are registered in his name at the U. S. Patent Office. At least four or five times that many new improvements are credited to him. Hundreds of different magazines have, at one time or another, been printed on presses designed by him. *Time*, *Life*, *Fortune*, the *New Yorker*, *Vogue*, *Better Homes and Gardens*, and dozens of others, from the slickest fashion books to the cheapest of pulps, have rolled off his presses.

Zuckerman is regarded even by his competitors as being without a peer in the field. He is looked upon with a mixture of awe and deep affection by the younger men who work with him. The executives of the Hoe Printing Press Co. consider him an absolute genius. They make the largest presses in the world. Zuckerman has been chief designer for them since 1919.

"When a customer comes to us with a problem which seems impossible to solve, we always take it to Adolph and forget it," one

of the Hoe executives said recently. "We know that if it can be done at all, he'll figure out how to do it."

The man who inspires this kind of admiration among all who know him is a tiny, scholarly, modest gentleman of 71. He came to this country 49 years ago, a refugee from pre-Stalin Russian tyranny. Zuckerman was a Pole. Poland was, then as now, under the heel of the Russian boot.

His father was a fur dealer who imported skins from Russia for resale in Germany. Although the trade hadn't made him a rich man he was wealthy enough to send his son through the Polytechnic Institute of Warsaw and, after graduation, on a "Grand Tour" to complete his education. At least, they called it a "Grand Tour."

"Supposedly, I was going abroad to broaden my culture but I knew and my father knew that once I was out of the country, I would never come back," the designer recalled recently.

Zuckerman was 23 years old and a graduate mechanical engineer when he arrived in America in 1903. He had little trouble finding a job as an engineer at the Worthington Pump works in Harrison, N. J. Three years later, he moved to the Hoe company as a draughtsman.

Hoe was then more than 100 years old, and had been a leader in the design and manufacture of printing presses from the very beginning. Today its directors say

that Zuckerman has kept them ahead since 1919, when he was placed in charge of the design division.

Zuckerman is just about five feet tall. No dandy, he is a neat dresser and wears his clothes with a touch of old-fashioned, European elegance. He has a full, handsome crop of white hair over a strong, friendly face and thick, hunched shoulders. His mouth seems always ready to smile, and his eyes look out inquisitively from behind thick, plain glasses.

Zuckerman is a quiet man. One of his stepdaughters recently said of him, "Adolph speaks seven languages, and it's just about impossible to get a word out of him about himself in any of them." When he does speak, either about himself or, as is more usual, about his presses, it is in a pleasant, low voice, heavily overlaid with an accent which seems slightly German but must be Polish.

There is also something of the absent-minded professor about him. When he is deep in the problems of a new design, he goes into a haze of concentration almost impossible to penetrate. Once, several years ago, he was rudely jolted from just such contemplation by an automobile and wound up in the hospital.

Zuckerman, who was married 25 years ago to the widow of an old friend, is one of the most devoted family men in New York City. His pleasant, comfortable apartment on

New York's substantial midtown West Side is home not only to him and his wife, Gertrude, but to his two stepdaughters, Mrs. Zena Roffi and Mrs. Vera Lidz, and Mrs. Roffi's six-year-old son, Jimmy.

His grandson is the old man's chief delight. The designer's idea of a pleasant evening is one spent in reading a work on calculus or archaeology in its original language, be that Russian, Polish, German, Spanish, French, Italian or English. But he will stop whatever he is doing, without a regret, the moment his grandson, Jimmy, enters the room, bearing the evening papers with him. The reading of all the comic strips in at least two or three papers is a nightly ritual.

"Until two years ago, when Jimmy first became interested, I did not know Dick Tracy from Little Orphan Annie," he told a friend a few weeks ago. "Now, I am an expert. I know what is happening to Pogo and Joe Palooka and Li'l Abner and all the others."

Jimmy has wrought another change in the pattern of Zuckerman's home life. Now, during the early evenings at least, it is likely that the fond grandpappy will be seated in front of the television set with Jimmy on his knee. What is more, he will admit that he has grown to like the programs he sees. Left to his own devices, however, Zuckerman will seek more intellectual pleasures, chess, say, or double acrostics. Zuckerman's reading is

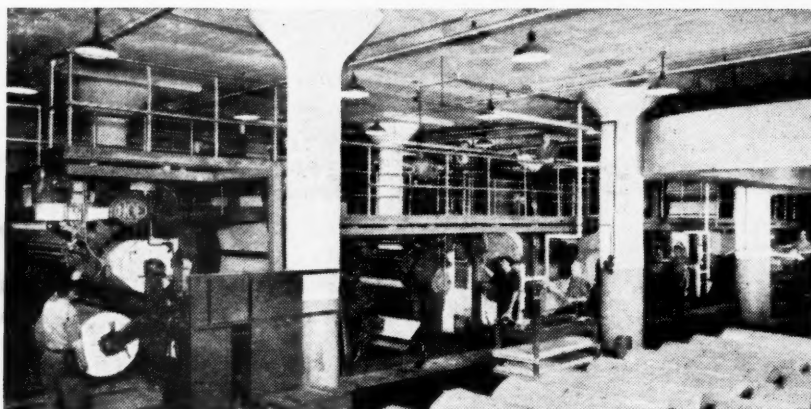
also on the heavy side, although he usually manages to read ten or 12 popular novels a year and leavens his diet of history, biography, and technical works with a lively sprinkling of mysteries.

"Adolph is the mildest man I know," says daughter Zena, "but, when it comes to mystery stories, he can't get them gory enough."

Zuckerman's days are spent in a small, glassed-in office on the bustling 3rd floor of the Hoe Co.'s sprawling plant along the upper East river. Each morning he leaves his house in the West 80's and makes the long journey crosstown to the plant by bus and subway, arriving at his office at 10 o'clock. For a press like the new one on which the *Digest* is now being printed, he will work there for sev-



Grandpa reads the comics to Jimmy



The new press is 70 ft. long, 12 ft. 7 in. high, and covers 1,200 sq. ft. of floor space

eral weeks perfecting his designs.

Such a press is actually three separate machines, with thousands of moving parts which must mesh in perfect harmony. There are two large printing units, each with its own ink carriage, and a folder. It is this last to which Zuckerman has devoted much of his original thinking in recent years. He is credited with having developed the folding machine to the point where it is capable of handling the 1200 feet of paper which the modern magazine press sends to it every minute. This particular press can shift, at the flick of a switch, from the high-speed production of the *CATHOLIC DIGEST* to the equally rapid printing of a magazine four times its size, an operation made possible by the intricate folder Zuckerman has devised for it.

On days when he is not engaged in dreaming up designs for a new

press or wandering through the shops looking over the construction of his latest brain child, Zuckerman may spend some time going over one of his previous blueprints. There is a complete file of them in his crowded little office, and the designer recalls vividly each one and its peculiar problems. He does not, strangely enough, remember which was the first press he designed.

"But to tell you the truth about it, I am not interested. I am much more interested in the presses I haven't designed yet than in the ones that are finished."

That brought up the question of how much longer he planned to go on working. He shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"How can I tell?" he said. "I shall go on as long as I can. God willing, I might design a new press for your magazine ten years from now."

The Moth and the Yucca Plant

One cannot live without the other

By FLORENCE PAGE JAQUES

Condensed from *As Far as the Yukon**

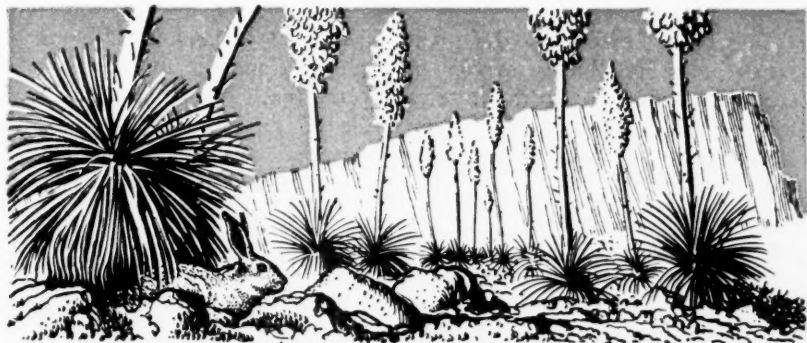
IN midafternoon we were sitting at the back of the observation car. Our train was pulling slowly away from a Texas water stop when we noticed, on the lonely road paralleling us, a car that drew to the side and stopped. A couple got out.

"Tourists!" a man opposite us said. "Every one of them gets an overwhelming impulse to pick a big yucca. They can't resist it. What can they do with it after they lug it back?"

"This train, once," he went on, "stopped on a curve out here for some reason. A group of us got off the back. One prim little man ig-

nored us, and went off around a cutbank out of sight, a darn fool thing to do. The train started without warning, and the rest of us jumped onto the platform. Then around the bend came the stiff little fellow, clutching a yucca as big as a Christmas tree. He looked too proud for words. When he saw the train was moving, he started to run, and he could have made it if he'd dropped the yucca. But he couldn't bring himself to do that, and the last we saw of him he was bobbing along with the yucca over his shoulder."

"Isn't the cluster heavy?" I said. "Even the bare stalk must be."



*Copyright, 1951, by Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 49 E. 33rd St. New York City, 243 pp. \$4.

"No, the wood is very light," our neighbor answered, "lighter than bal-sa wood, but much stronger. I've often used it for a walking stick."

Mexicans call the yucca plants *candelabros de Dios*—candles of God. My first sight of them overwhelmed me. Great clusters of white bell-shaped flowers towered above the sagebrush.

The numbers of yucca were incredible. Sometimes they were almost like a grove; sometimes they were spaced evenly through the grass as if they had been planted. As our train sped along, they marched irregularly up slopes or stood in little groups. Sometimes, after the flowers had vanished, the pale stems, 15 feet high, remained standing.

The yucca belongs to the great family of Lilies. Thirty species of true yuccas grow in North America and the West Indies, most of them in our dry Southwest and on Mexico's tablelands.

As the stalk grows, buds form on little branches close to the main stem, so that the stalk does resemble a huge, ornamented candle. When the branches grow out, the tight buds open into a panicle of hundreds, even thousands, of flowers.

Out of the Depths

Up the slopes of the gleaming gypsum dunes in the White Sands, New Mexico, you may see the yuccas lifting their oddly lush masses of lily-blossoms. They grow in a burning, bone-dry powder where it does not seem possible that anything could live. The secret is a root which goes 40 feet down to the soil below the gypsum.

How can a seedling live long enough in a pure chemical to grow a 40-foot root? The answer is another secret. Like the snowdrifts which they resemble, the gypsum dunes shift. In the vales between, the soil is sometimes only a short way down. In some such valley a seedling starts, and as the sand drifts over it the yucca lifts its head higher and higher to keep the air-breathing leaves above the surface. Sometimes, no doubt, it loses the battle and is buried hopelessly in the hot, dry powder. Sometimes, on the other hand, it wins, and then one may see it triumphantly crowning a mountain of gypsum from which no plant could draw sustenance.

Virginia Quarterly Review (Winter '52).

Later I learned more about the yucca. It and the small furry-white yucca moth furnish a classic example of symbiosis, interdependence between plant and animal.

Prof. C. V. Riley discovered this in 1874. He was so enthralled that he studied the plant and the moth for 20 years. The moth flies only at night, and, Professor Riley remarks plaintively, "is very difficult to follow with a lantern." (He had no flashlight in 1874.)

This moth is the only insect to fertilize the yucca, and it visits no other plant. Without it the yucca produces no seed. The moth even develops different subspecies of itself for the various subspecies of the plant.

The moth starts out on her flight in the evening when the flowers first open and send forth their fragrance. The yucca's stamens are only two-thirds as long as the pistil, from which they bend away. Therefore, self-fertilization is practically impossible to the yucca. And its pollen is too thick to be lifted by the wind and carried from one flower to another.

Here is where the moth walks calmly into the picture. The female yucca moth, driven by instinct, deliberately fertilizes the blossom, not accidentally as insects often fertilize flowers while seeking food. She does not visit the flower for nourishment; its nectar has no value for her. Her tongue is incapable of being used for feeding; in the amazing adaptations that have taken place in her structure, her tongue has become an extra tentacle. With it, and a pair of tentacles on her jaw, such as no other moth ever thought of having, she collects pollen.

She actually browses on the stamens, moving her head back and forth as a cow does, and pushing the pollen toward her tentacles with her mouth. Holding the mass of pollen with the tentacles, she uses

her front legs to shape it into a ball.

After she has gone from flower to flower on the same plant, she has collected a ball of pollen which may be three times the size of her head. She holds it firmly against her neck, then flies to a different plant. This flight, of course, insures cross-fertilization.

On the fresh plant she selects a flower and proceeds to lay her egg in the stigmatic chamber of the pistil, where the seeds of the yucca will eventually form. And here, too, is a marvel. Most moths lay their eggs on the surface of a plant. But the yucca moth has a complicated organ, a combination lance and saw, with which she can insert her eggs deep into the pistil's wall.

Now comes the most amazing act. After the moth lays the egg, she climbs up the pistil to the stigma and places the ball of pollen in the mouth of a funnel which opens between its lobes. She does this, says Professor Riley, "more delicately and surely than the most skillful horticulturist." The moth has now assured her offspring of food and it is too bad she has not evolved a smile of quiet satisfaction.

The yucca's pollen fertilizes the ovules; the pistil turns a dark green and the seed pod begins to form. As the seeds ripen, the moth's larvae hatch out from the eggs laid in the wall of the pistil. They find their supply of food set out conveniently before them.

Gnawing their way to the crown

of the pod, they come out into the world. They are not lacking in special appliances themselves; for one thing, they are furnished with spinnerets, with which each spins a silk thread and drops to the ground. There it burrows into the earth—it has three pairs of legs for this—at the base of the yucca plant. It passes the winter there, snug in a

cocoon of silk which it has spun.

As a chrysalis it breaks from the cocoon a week or so before it is time for the yucca to flower. Even in this stage it is inventive. It has on its back peculiar spines with which it breaks its way through the soil. It becomes a moth as the yucca flowers and the whole process begins over again.



The Open Door

MANY PROTESTANTS do not understand the Mass. But I can thank a Chicago minister for my introduction to it.

I had gone there for the Easter week end. In the telephone directory I located the 1st Methodist church, near my hotel. But at the address I found **only** a business section. Then I noticed an unusually large crowd passing into the arcade. I joined it, just to see where everyone was going. I was swept into an elevator, hoisted a few flights, and propelled into the balcony of a great church, filled with people. I was impressed. I decided that out of war had come great good—people were returning to the things that count.

The central point of a Protestant service is the sermon. On the ability of the minister to arouse his listeners depends the success of the service. The minister was a magnificent speaker, and I shall never forget his sermon.

He began by asking why Catholics go to Mass. He gave a few of the answers—they go out of fear; they have to, etc. But he said none of these explains it. Catholics go because every day they have the events of Calvary reenacted upon their altars. Protestants hear too little about the crucifixion. He gave a vivid word picture of the Passion, and of the Resurrection. I was moved. I walked the lake front all day and thought of what he said.

I was still thinking the next day in my Indianapolis office. I automatically picked up the phone and dialed St. Joan of Arc church. (My name is Joan.) I had never spoken to a priest before. I am sure I did not call him Father. I think I called him Reverend. But I was baptized within six weeks.

Joan Stanley.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]

You Can Still Change the World

Father Keller knows that the way to beat evildoers is to displace them

By ANDRÉ FONTAINE

Condensed from *Redbook**

AN intensely serious young woman and a tall priest met recently at a meeting in New York City. The woman was unmistakably belligerent and immediately opened fire. "Now listen, you, before you start any discussion I want you to understand that I don't believe in God."

He said, "Now listen, sister, I want you to understand that I do believe in God. Because I believe in God I believe in you. You alone are worth more than the rest of the world."

The girl blushed, then frowned. Her voice had a note of wonderment as she asked, "Why don't you Christians tell that to the whole world instead of keeping it to yourselves?"

"Now you're making sense," the priest said. "Now you're adding up. You could do a lot of good spread-

ing that same idea around yourself."

The woman was a 23-year-old Russian. The priest was Father James Keller, founder and driving force of the Christophers, one of the most spectacular, unusual, and pertinent organizations America has seen in the last quarter-century.



FATHER KELLER

"It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness."

The Christophers, Inc., is unique in having no chapters, committees, meetings, dues, nor buttons. Anyone can be a Christopher. Each one decides for himself what he will do. It was started six years ago, and its headquarters today occupy most of a floor

in a Manhattan office building at 18 E. 48th St. Thirty-five people make up the staff, which handles the monthly mailing of the *Christopher News Notes*, books and movies, as well as a heavy corre-

*230 Park Ave., New York City 17. January, 1952.

spondence. Its recorded membership is more than 400,000, and its ideas have probably affected the lives of millions.

At 51, Keller has the physique of an athlete, which he used to be, the drive of a gas turbine, and a sublime faith in God and man that carries him unruffled through week after week of 18-hour days.

With a clear call for action, Keller cuts through the miasma of fear and hatred that is half paralyzing the democracies. The way to burn away the fog, he holds, is to start lighting fires. Stop quaking in your beds at the threat of communism and get out and work as hard as communists. Stop trying to run away from atomic war and start battling it by increasing the tolerance and understanding of one people for another, beginning with yourself.

It's your world; if you don't like it, go out and change it. One of the few things that Keller, the master of the soft answer, gets impatient with is the plaint, "What can I do? I'm just one guy."

Everything that was ever accomplished in the world, he maintains, was started by just one person. He can cite scores of cases in which obscure men and women have affected larger events in their communities, and one or two in which they have started a wave of action that widened and grew until it rocked the ships of state.

There was the Southampton,

Long Island, barber who started a letter-writing campaign to friends in Italy. Though rebuffed by official organizations, he pushed the idea until it grew into a torrent of letters that helped wash out the communists in the Italian election of April, 1948.

Possibly the most dramatic case was that of a Connecticut housewife, who caused Mme. Oksana Kasenkina, a Russian schoolteacher, to jump for freedom from the Soviet consulate in New York.

Every headline reader knows that Mme. Kasenkina plunged from a 3rd-story window in the consulate, where she was being held pending the departure of the next boat for Russia. But few know that Mrs. Louise McKeon of Ridgefield, Conn., started the chain of events that led her to jump.

Mrs. McKeon, a Christopher, read of Mme. Kasenkina's plight in the paper one morning, and was horrified. "We've got to do something to help her," she said to her husband.

"Don't be silly," he replied. "What can we do?"

"I don't know. But if we don't, who will?"

Her husband couldn't answer that one, and neither could her brother, Peter Hogue, a fresh-caught lawyer, when he came up to spend the following week end. Infected by his sister's enthusiasm, he determined to do something when he got back to town on Monday.

What he did was to get a writ of habeas corpus from New York Supreme Court Justice Samuel Dickstein. He served it on Soviet Consul General Jacob M. Lomkin.

As he served it, a crowd collected around the consulate. Upstairs, Mme. Kasenkina was listening to a news report on the radio. Though she understood little English, she did recognize her own name, repeated several times. She went to the window and saw the crowd, and suddenly it dawned upon her that someone outside was trying to help her. That knowledge, she said later, was what made her jump. She was picked up and taken to Roosevelt hospital, badly injured, but free.

Not all Christophers, inspired by Father Keller's insistence that "you can change the world," have accomplished such dramatic results. Keller doesn't expect them to. The objective of his books, his frequent radio appearances, his movies and his countless speeches is to get them to act instead of merely to talk.

It is Keller's conviction that "less than 1% of humanity has caused most of the world's recent troubles," and he doesn't mean only communists. "If communism disappeared over night," he frequently says, "the problem would still be tremendous." To counter the godless, he is attempting to mobilize another 1% who will be equally dedicated to the job of saving the world. But the Christophers (from the Greek,

meaning Christ-bearer) who make up this second 1% must work at it. The favorite Christopher motto is a Chinese proverb: "It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness."

Keller will have no dues because "too many people think paying a dollar ends their obligation to act." The only contact that Keller has with his "membership" is the monthly pamphlet, *Christopher News Notes*, which he writes and sends out gratis to more than 400,000 people around the world.

Though he disagrees with communists and other godless with all the persuasion of his personal charm and facile brain, Keller never antagonizes them. He is quite willing to pay tribute to his enemies. He makes no bones about the fact that he has borrowed some of his strategy from the communists. They are not content, he says, to work as individuals; instead, they strive to get into the four fields in which they can influence millions—labor, government, education and communications (the writing and editing of newspapers, books, magazines, radio, movies, and television). These, he says, are the fields into which Christophers must go if they are to fight effectively.

Recently the Christophers, again borrowing from the communists, started sending out half a million 96-page booklets giving complete instructions for establishing career-guidance schools to train people for

the four fields. Experimental work has been under way on this career-guidance-school idea for the last three years, and thousands are now in operation.

Enough reports have come back to headquarters to indicate that as many as 100,000 persons have either gone into vital fields or those already in them have gotten a new sense of purpose.

In Indiana, a worker belonged to a union local that was dominated by communists. He investigated, and discovered that the commies had only 50 members. But they followed the usual pattern of never missing a meeting, coming early, knowing exactly what they wanted and fighting hard for it, and staying late. So the worker recruited 50 friends and welded them into a task force which came just as early and often, fought just as hard, and stayed just as late. Within a few months the communists' grip on the union local was broken.

In Texas, a professor at the University of Houston was offered \$25,000 a year to go to work for one of the Big Three automobile companies. Because of his desire to help others as well as himself, he turned it down to keep his teaching job of \$6,000 a year.

In Kentucky, a lawyer read Keller's book *You Can Change The World*, and decided to run for the House of Representatives. After he was elected he wrote Keller, "I would like to congratulate you for

my victory, because it was your book which gave me the encouragement and will power to make the race."

In Chicago recently Keller addressed a group of businessmen. After complimenting them for their accomplishments in making America the industrial colossus of the world, he took off his velvet gloves. "When the average person talks only about free enterprise," he said, "he means freedom to make more money for himself. But if the general public ever got the idea that you businessmen were putting the general good of the country ahead of making money, the effect on the country would be terrific.

"I want to tell you a thing that happened here in Chicago recently. At different times, four young men, your junior executives, came to me and said they'd decided they'd like to run for public office. Each of them had gone to his boss and told him his plans, but said he wanted the assurance that if he lost the election he could have his job back. In each case the boss said No.

"How, gentlemen, do you expect to get good men into government unless people like you encourage them?"

In St. Louis, three fresh-faced bobby-soxers tried to buy tickets to a roller-skating rink. Without looking up, the ticket seller tore off three tickets and started to pass them through the window. As he did so he glanced at the three, and

his face froze. He slapped his hand down on the string of tickets.

"You two can go in," he said. "But not the other one. We can't have niggers on the rink—customers wouldn't like it."

The taller of the two white girls did her best to wither him with a look. Then she swiftly reached under the glass and retrieved their money. She led the others into a huddle, and talked excitedly to them. In a moment she and the other white girl were back at the window.

"Two tickets," she said icily. Looking relieved, the agent passed them over. The two disappeared inside the rink. The colored girl waited.

In about half an hour the agent glanced up from his comic book to see the three back again. "That's not true," the tall girl said. "We went in and asked every person on the rink, and they all said they'd be glad to have our friend come in."

Slightly dazed, the agent sold them another ticket. The three girls were Christophers.

Three years ago, Keller announced a contest for the best book based on the Christopher principles. He made the prize the largest ever offered in publishing history, \$30,000. He quickly followed with a similar best-play contest with prizes totaling \$10,000.

The response literally swamped the Christopher office. Manuscripts were piled waist high completely

around the walls of the rooms. The book prize was won by an Episcopalian, Architect George Howe, for his novel *Call It Treason*. Mr. Howe sold his book to 20th Century-Fox, and the film version, *Decision Before Dawn*, is now being shown. The play award went to Rosemary Casey for *The Velvet Glove*, which opened on Broadway in December, 1949, starring Grace George and Walter Hampden.

When a New York publisher asked where the \$30,000 was coming from, Keller told him, "From little people all over the country, most of it in small gifts ranging from \$1 to \$10. It is just their way of showing that they want to have a part in getting better books." The publisher was stunned for a moment, and then said, "Why, that's the most refreshing news I have heard in years."

Keller never worries about money. If he has an idea he thinks is good he goes ahead with it, convinced that if he gets the doers the Lord will supply the donors. He did that when he decided to make a Christopher movie. He went to Hollywood to let the word get around that he was planning such a production and would like some actors who were willing to donate their services. The resultant movie, *You Can Change the World*, had more stratospheric-salaried actors than are usually found in a Hollywood epic. They included Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby,

Paul Douglas, Irene Dunne, Ann Blyth, Loretta Young, William Holden, and Eddie (Rochester) Anderson. It was directed by Leo McCarey, and had a specially written song by Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen. Total cost to the Christophers was \$30,000. It is estimated that at least 3 million people have seen the film.

The Christophers plan to make 30 movies showing people the influence for good that they can exert if they get into fields which touch the lives of a majority of mankind. Two of the movies are nearing completion. One, *Government Is Your Business*, is based on the new Christopher book of that name. The other is *Reshaping the Future through Television*, and points out that this modern means of communication will be only as good as the people who go into it.

The money to finance these projects and to meet the movement's \$500,000 annual budget comes in the mail. Every day letters flood into the office, and a few of them contain money. One woman sent in a diamond ring which turned out to be worth \$1,000. A non-Catholic businessman in Greenwich, Conn., sent in 100 shares of Radio Corp. of America preferred stock that sold for \$7,000. He added this note to it. "Please don't thank me. You are doing the work. I'm only giving the money. If you lose, all I have won't be worth 2¢ on the dollar."

Twice the movement has been remembered in wills—one gave \$50, the other \$9,800—and many Christophers, including a Jewish producer in Hollywood, send in regular monthly allotments.

Why do people unzipper their wallets with such unaccustomed zeal? The answer lies chiefly in the dynamic power of the Christopher idea, but partly in Keller himself. The appeal of his message can be distilled out of the thousands of letters that pour into the Christopher office. The letters bespeak a people's fear and confusion, their hunger for something to live for that is bigger than a raise in salary or a new car.

Stress on the importance of the individual is the thing that sets the Christophers apart. Keller has recognized that the underlying difference between democracy and totalitarianism is the supreme importance of the individual. He offers no panacea that guarantees eternal glory. He points the road, then leaves it up to each person to decide how many and what kind of steps he's going to take.

But no explanation of the Christophers' success could be complete without an understanding of Keller's personal charm, his tireless energy, and his skill at public relations. Everyone who knows the movement agrees that Keller is the mainspring.

Like sunshine, you begin to feel the warmth of Keller's personality

the minute you expose yourself to it. Not long ago he stopped for dinner in a Manhattan cafeteria, which he likes because it saves time. As he always does, he carried his tray to a table occupied by a stranger, and sat down. He began to talk about the Christophers. A week later the Christophers received a \$4,000 check from the man.

This charm has a solid basis: Keller genuinely likes every man, and when you talk with him you immediately get the feeling that he respects you. He carries this respect to great lengths. A few weeks ago he was talking about Klaus Fuchs, who sold U.S. and British atomic-energy secrets to the Russians. He did not vilify the man.

"Fuchs," he said, "may have started off as an idealist, a man sincerely seeking a better world. Of course he was horribly misguided, and must bear responsibility for his treachery. But why didn't we reach him first with a positive, active program so that he wouldn't drift into the arms of the commies?"

Those who have known him since his boyhood in Oakland, Calif., say this instinctive liking for people was what made Keller unusually popular all through his school years at St. Patrick's, in Menlo Park, Calif., and at Maryknoll seminary. It was his early training as a Maryknoll missionary that made him into what one New York newspaperman has called "one of the hardest-working public-

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relations men I have ever seen."

For ten years after he earned his Master's degree at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C., he was assigned to the job of making the work of Maryknoll known and of raising money to support its missionaries abroad. "He didn't like it very much," says Maryknoll Father Albert Nevins. "He would have much preferred to be sent overseas." Nevertheless, the contacts he made during these years helped the mission work immeasurably.

When the ten years were over, Keller was given the job of editing the Maryknoll magazine, the *Field Afar*. He not only learned the techniques of writing, printing and publishing, but he helped streamline the publication into a highly readable, pocket-sized magazine loaded with pictures.

A big part of Keller's success has been in schools and colleges. Christopher files are loaded with letters from students who have heard him talk.

Keller welcomes every opportu-

nity to speak or broadcast, and fulfills engagements with the tireless enthusiasm of a reciprocating engine. A recent speaking tour was typical; he gave 95 talks in 23 cities in four weeks. Nor does he waste time during train jumps; he uses it to write letters, the latest issue of the *Christopher News Notes* or another chapter of a new book. He's writing two now, one a sequel to *One Moment, Please*, and another tentatively entitled *Include All—Exclude None*.

Since Keller's personality is so inextricably woven into the Christopher movement, the question naturally arises: What will happen when he's no longer around to run it?

Some fear that such a loosely-knit movement would putter out quickly. Others disagree, and point out that the Christopher message has already spread to millions across the world. Each Christopher is a committee of one, and carries on by himself. Keller feels that the Christopher movement is bound to go on indefinitely.



Our New Comic Book Hero

THE CHRISTOPHERS, a comic book published last month, tells in pictures of Father Keller's original idea and the history of the Christophers. As one reader put it, "Father Keller wouldn't last two rounds with Superman, but he's the hero of a darn good story."



Window shopping, Barbara finds Easter fashions breath-taking in style—and price.

Barbara's Easter Outfit

By MARY BROOKS PICKEN
Homemaking authority, author, lecturer

MAKING a heady splash in the Easter Parade is an old American tradition, especially for the ladies. But the drab fact is, a lovely bonnet only caps the outfit. Without a new suit, it looks a sorry sight.

To round up such an outfit takes more than wishful thinking, as

Barbara Jo, our cover girl, knows. For like every other woman stiffening herself against high taxes and even higher prices, she had to be resourceful.

Though she couldn't afford one of the elegant *haute couture* jobs done by Madame Nicole, she got ideas aplenty from a suit price-

Refresher lessons at a near-by sewing center help Barbara make her dream suit come true.



tagged \$175, which she'd tried on early in her Easter window-shopping tour.

With elegant fabrics and high-fashion styles swirling in her head but a limited clothing budget at her command, prospects of just the right Easter outfit seemed out of reach. Yet fashion-conscious women in America have proved that well-cut clothes are not limited to the wealthy, and Barbara is as clothes-conscious as any young business girl.

So, after a few tentative glances at mother's sewing machine, Barbara began to search for a pattern. Since one manufacturer alone offers a choice of more than 700 different patterns, it was an easy matter to find the one that came close to the Dream Suit.

She chose a dramatic fabric of slate gray and black window-pane check for the jacket, with a solid-color gray for the skirt.

Although she'd made her blouses and skirts since high-school days, this was Barbara's first attempt at making a suit. But with several helpful refresher lessons at her nearby sewing center, even the jacket lining went in with a smooth, professional look.

When the last button was sewed on and the final stitch taken in the hem, results were more than satis-



The pattern Barbara selects is one of the millions women will buy during the year.

fying. And tallying up total expenses left nothing to be desired. Here's what Barbara's suit cost:

McCall's pattern #8888.....	\$.75
Skirt fabric (1½ yds. @ \$9.00).....	11.25
Jacket fabric (2½ yds. @ \$9.00).....	22.50
Lining (2 yds. @ \$1.50).....	3.00
Snap, zipper, thread, binding.....	.60
Decorative buttons (5 @ \$.25).....	1.25
Interlining fronts and collar, (½ yd. @ \$1.50).....	.50

For \$39.85 Barbara was able to custom-make herself an Easter suit with that *haute couture* look.



Pinning pattern to fabric, she cuts the skirt, following pattern-chart instructions.

Then came the final touches. To top her efforts, she splurged on a John-Frederics "Charmer"—a tomato red chapeau iced with huge roses and much frothy veiling—worthy

of the grandest Easter Parade. And that for \$15.

Then saucy elbow-length red gloves and matching calf bag, and Barbara is that Dream Gal lyricists

go sentimental over. But what the songwriters don't know about how their gals got dreamy would fill an opera.

Because, of course, Barbara Jo isn't an unusual case. Since more than 100 million patterns are sold every year, it must mean a great many bright young things supplement their allowances and earnings

with careful budgeting and a lot of sewing at home.

Neither was Barbara's money-saving unusual or amazing. In my profession I have had occasion to duplicate ready-made garments at home. The home-sewn twin invariably costs one-third as much as the ready-made.

Three dollars' worth of material

Barbara uses a molded-to-her-figure thermoplastic dress form to assure a perfect fit.



stitched into a washable wrap-around will last three times as long as a \$3 housedress, ready-made.

Up until a century ago women made all their own clothes—and their children's and their husbands' clothes, too. They even carded their own wool and spun their own thread and made their own soap.

Nowadays the same smartly-dressed, well-coiffed women, who hold down full-time jobs and run

For her personal preview (next page) Barbara wears this three-way jacket without belt. It can also be worn with the belt in back only, or all the way around.

homes with countless mechanical servants to do the back-breaking jobs, still wield a powerful needle. In these times of high prices and skyrocketing taxes, they find the sewing machine a potent weapon against inflation.

Photos by Peter Erik Winkler



With the saving on the suit, she could afford to buy a bright red \$15 "Charmer."



Use the Brains You Have

You may surpass many who have a better start

By JOHN E. GIBSON

Condensed from *This Week**



A MAN'S BRAINS are his best asset, if he knows how to use them. Scientists have conducted exhaustive surveys to find out as much about human intelligence as possible. Some of their most recent findings answer some questions you have always asked yourself, and some you have never dreamed of.

If your own brains are not working at top efficiency, they can tell you what to do about that, too. Let's take a look at their findings.

What is intelligence?

In these tests it is considered to be the ability to use past experience to solve present problems, and to anticipate new ones. There is a vast difference between knowledge and intelligence. Knowledge is the possession of the facts or conclusions about something. Intelligence is the ability to use that knowledge.

Is a good memory an index to your intelligence?

No. You can have a wonderful memory and still be stupid, or a

poor memory and be highly intelligent.

As a matter of fact, people of low intelligence frequently have better memories than those in the high IQ brackets. When hundreds of children were given memory tests in New York City schools, it was found that the mentally retarded children made higher scores than those of above-average intelligence.

Persons of lesser intelligence learn by repetition and rote, rather than by reasoning; this serves to develop their memory. Bright children, as a rule, tend to find tasks of rote memory irksome. (Spelling, for example, is frequently their weakest subject.)

Psychologists at the Catholic University of America conducted a study on hundreds of subjects in which memory capacity was compared with intelligence. They also found that his intelligence has little if anything to do with how well a man remembers.

Are the majority of the nation's

most intelligent men college graduates?

Definitely not. During the last war, more than 10 million men were given intelligence tests by the army. Dr. Walter V. Bingham, top army psychologist, reports that of the men who scored in Grade I, 75% were not college graduates. And 5,000 had never finished the 8th grade. And among those who had a Grade II score were 858,000 who had not gone further than the 8th grade in school. True, the higher a soldier's educational level, the greater was his likelihood of scoring in a higher intelligence bracket. But, as psychologist Bingham points out, more than 2 million men in the two top zones of intelligence had never gone beyond high school.

Do beauty and brains tend to go hand in hand?

According to popular impression, girls who are highly intellectual seldom turn out to be the kind men are tempted to whistle at. Public fancy also tends to typify the male who is top-heavy with brains as a high-domed, pallid creature.

Scientific studies suggest, however, that this is a gross libel. At Columbia university, investigators selected a group of the most highly intelligent students to be found anywhere in the land. The IQ's of these brainy boys and girls ranged from 135 upward. Then they select-

ed another group of students with an IQ range of 90 to 110.

A panel of judges was selected, consisting of university graduates and their wives. They were instructed to judge both groups of students on the basis of beauty, good looks, and physical attractiveness. Findings of the judges: the students in the highly intelligent group were consistently better looking than those who were placed in the average group.

Temple university's psychologists conducted a similar investigation, where undergraduates were studied and their attractiveness related to their intelligence. Their findings likewise showed the boys with the most brains were the best looking, and the high-IQ girls the most beautiful.

Does the eldest child tend to be the smartest?

The British study of more than 70,000 children showed that first- and last-born children averaged higher IQ's than their brothers and sisters. Why this should be, the investigators do not know.

Are twins more intelligent than other children?

Studies show that in general their IQ rating tends to fall below average. The University of Wisconsin studied the intelligence-test scores of nearly 120,000 children enrolled in Wisconsin state schools, of whom 824 were twins. The median IQ

score for the twins was 10 points lower than that averaged by the rest of the children. But in a University of Michigan study, some twins rolled up IQ scores of as high as 138, which is well above the average rating.

Does lack of fresh air and adequate exercise affect your ability to think?

Yes. Tests show that to work well your brain cells must have a steady and plentiful supply of oxygen. And your thinking apparatus depends for its oxygen supply on 1. your respiration (shallow breathing does not give your brain a break); 2. circulation of blood (if your circulation is sluggish your intelligence cannot function at peak efficiency); 3. sufficient oxygen in the air you breathe (your mental faculties do not operate well in an extremely stuffy room or at high altitudes, where the oxygen content of the air is low).

At the University of Illinois a group of medical students were given intelligence tests while breathing air which contained a normal amount of oxygen. When the tests were repeated with the oxygen content of the air artificially reduced, the scores made on the IQ tests took a sharp drop.

Significantly, students who were short, stocky, and barrel-chested showed the least drop in intelligence. On the other hand, tall, slender students, with a lesser lung ca-

capacity, showed the greatest drop of all.

To keep your brain functioning at top efficiency cultivate a posture that permits you to breathe properly. Exercise enough to insure good circulation of blood. And if you move to a high altitude, wait until you become acclimated before you try to do any heavy thinking.

Does a person who works with his brain need less sleep than one who makes his living with his muscles?

On the contrary, the mental worker requires considerably more sleep. Studies at Colgate university have shown, for example, that while manual workers could accomplish their jobs satisfactorily with as little as four or five hours sleep, most brain workers required a full eight hours to function at top efficiency.

Tests showed that while it takes only about four hours sleep to restore our physical energies to a large extent, it takes twice as long to replenish energy expended in mental effort.

It was also found that when a mental worker loses two hours sleep, not only does his efficiency suffer next day, but he accumulates twice as much fatigue.

Is it true that the smarter you are, the longer you are likely to live?

Generally speaking, yes. At Westminster college, Professor Chester

Alexander and his colleagues analyzed the life spans of nearly 10,000 of the world's most intelligent people. These included persons from virtually every profession, in 18 different countries.

Their findings showed that, as a general rule, people of higher intelligence live appreciably longer than their fellow men. Brainier people tend to live longer, particularly if they distinguish themselves in their work.

Are lawyers and business executives more intelligent than truck drivers and boilermakers?

A surprising percentage of them are not. Of the 10 million men whose intelligence was tested by the War Department in the 2nd World War, lawyers ranked close to the top in mental ability. But 9% of the boilermakers were found to be at least as smart as the attorneys. And 25% of the men who were truck drivers in civilian life were of higher intelligence than 25% of the business executives.

Similar findings were made regarding hundreds of other professions and occupations. This indicates, as top army psychologists have pointed out, that millions of Americans do not have the good jobs that their intelligence warrants. They fail because they have set their sights too low, and have not fitted themselves by education for professions on a par with their abilities.

Can you increase your intelligence?

Most authorities agree that there is little we can do to increase our basic mental capacities.

But there is a terrifically important corollary: we can increase our ability to use those capacities effectively. Studies show that most people have more mental horsepower than they are capable of using efficiently. A person of average intelligence who knows how to use his brains will accomplish far more than a man in the higher IQ brackets who doesn't.

How can you use your brains to the fullest extent? First, you must give your intelligence as much as possible to work with: education. A good education is valuable, not because it will put any more brains in your head, but because it will enable you better to use the gray matter you have.

Second, you've got to use your brains, not just occasionally, but consistently. Wide-scale tests conducted at the University of Minnesota show that our mental faculties need exercise, just as our muscles do. The studies showed conclusively that when a man's profession makes continuous demands on his intelligence, his mental efficiency steadily increases.

Conversely, it was found that people whose occupations did not keep their "mental muscles" working declined in the ability to use their brains effectively.

Under the Red Barbed Wire

Hungarian family experiences a chilling flight for life

By BELA BARNA as told to MARTIN ABRAMSON

Condensed from *Stag Magazine**

I HAD been sitting quietly in the parlor, reading the lies and slander in the communist-controlled Budapest newspaper, when the phone began to ring in the hall.

My wife and I stared at one another but neither stirred from his chair. The harsh jangle sounded again and again, so at last I jumped up and grabbed the receiver. The voice on the other end was crisp and businesslike.

"This is Kerekes Coal and Wood," it said. "We won't be able to deliver your fuel next week. We'd like to bring it Saturday afternoon instead. Will it be all right

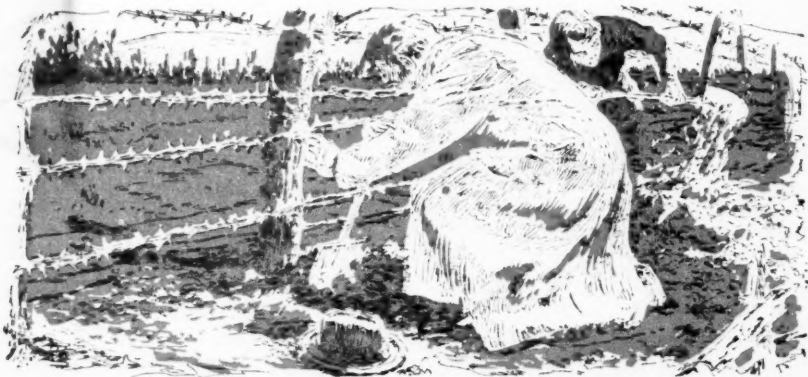
for our driver to come at one?"

"Yes," I mumbled.

I replaced the receiver and looked blankly at the wall. "Was that the call from the coal company?" Olga asked. I nodded.

"May God help us," my wife muttered.

The call from the fuel company was the most important call I had ever received. As a businessman who had been friendly with anti-Red leaders in Hungary before the communists took over, I had been under surveillance by the secret police for months. My phone was tapped and I could go nowhere without a Red shadow.



A few days before I received that phone call, many of my old friends had been rounded up and shipped off to concentration camps. Now my turn had come. Under cover of its activities as a supplier of fuel, Kerekes Coal and Wood Co., was one of the nerve centers for the anti-Red underground in Hungary.

The phrase, "We won't be able to deliver your fuel next week," meant that the underground had learned that I was to be arrested next week. When the driver came to deliver his coal on Saturday, my wife and I and our little boy had to be ready to make our escape.

We had mapped out a careful plan with the underground leaders. If it worked, we would be free of the ruthless terror that makes up the daily life everywhere behind the Iron Curtain. If it didn't, there would be three more corpses for the communists to bury in their already overcrowded cemeteries.

All over Europe today there are thousands of people who risk their lives each month to smuggle themselves out from behind the Iron Curtain. Often, it costs every cent they have, because officials and guards have to be bribed, and many of the guides are in the smuggling business for money rather than ideals. The casualties among escapees run high: Less than 50% get out safely. But even if we knew we had only one chance in ten of escaping, we would still have taken that chance.

Saturday was a murky, rainy day. So much the better. It would afford a better chance of giving the communists the slip. Precisely at 1 P.M. the bell rang at our front door. It was the driver of the fuel truck.

"I'll take your coal around the back," he said brusquely. I nodded and went to assist. Once the coal had been emptied, he carried the coal barrels back to his truck. From the corner of my eye, I could spot the Red agent who had been watching my house constantly, and I held my breath.

But there was nothing to make him suspicious. He knew a fuel driver was supposed to come and deliver a certain amount of coal. How could he know that one of the coal barrels being returned to the truck was not empty, after all? How could he know that it contained my eight-year-old son Josef?

Along the underground route that leads out of Hungary and into Vienna and freedom, there is no place for an eight-year-old boy. As the safest way to get Josef out of the country, a French diplomat who had the necessary papers had agreed to pass Josef off as his son when he left for Austria that evening.

The communist agents would be immediately suspicious if we took the boy to the Frenchman's hotel and left without him, or if the Frenchman came to our home and took the boy away. We had coached Josef for hours on how to

play this little game, and how he was to masquerade as the Frenchman's son until we could be reunited in Vienna. Above all, we had cautioned him that he was to lie breathlessly still in that coal barrel.

Was it too much to expect that an eight-year-old would understand all this and would huddle himself in that dirty barrel without uttering a sound? As the barrel was dropped into the back of the truck, we could have sworn we heard a cry. With a horrible feeling of dread, we turned to look at the communist agent. But he didn't budge! Apparently, he had heard nothing. The motor started with a loud clatter, and then the truck was bouncing down the street and out of sight.

Now it was our turn. My wife and I put on our hats and made a great show of announcing to our next-door neighbors that we were going to the opera, as we often did on Saturdays. Then we got into a taxi and went off. Our communist shadow followed in another cab. Inside the opera his custom was to keep only a casual eye on us from the rear of the large opera house. This casualness was what we counted on. It would make the difference between life and death.

During the first act of the opera, Olga and I tried to overcome our terrible feeling of strain and disquiet by concentrating on the performance. But although my eyes and



ears were wide open, I cannot remember seeing a performer or hearing a note of music!

When the intermission came, we rose slowly out of our seats and mingled quietly with the crush of people in the aisles. In the balcony, a man and woman left their seats, came down into the orchestra, and moved through the crowd in the rear of the theatre. We glanced at them briefly, then slipped along the aisle and ducked through a small door that led backstage. Performers and stagehands were milling around and nobody took much notice of us. We walked quickly to the stage door, not daring to look back to see if we were being followed. At the exit, we lowered our heads, and before the doorman could ask our names we were out on the street.

Twenty minutes later, we pulled up in a taxi in front of a small

cottage at the edge of town. Our seats at the opera had been taken by the man and woman who had come down from the balcony. They wore clothes similar to ours and they resembled us physically. Our hope was that our Red shadow would mistake them for us at least until the end of the opera and thereby give us the time we needed to get to Budapest.

FOUR men were waiting for us inside the cottage. Two were the guides who would take us to the border. The other two were fugitives like ourselves. The guides were grim, wiry men. One was a few inches over six feet in height and the other was nearly a foot smaller, but both wore almost identical black, flowing moustaches. They instructed us to change our clothing.

My wife and I and the two other refugees were handed forged papers and then the wife of one of the guides drove us to the railroad station. There we purchased tickets, but surprisingly enough, not for any town that was near the border. "Don't worry where we're going," the tall guide whispered. "We'll take care of everything."

We went two stops on the train and the two guides told us to get off. In the next half hour, we changed trains two more times until we finally got aboard one that was heading toward the border. We rode quietly for a few hours.

Then two burly communist officers came aboard to check passports and luggage.

My wife and I didn't move as the officers demanded our papers. I took out the papers and extended them. But the officers only glanced at them superficially and moved right on! The tall guide winked at me and made a little gesture to explain that these officers were being paid off by the underground. No wonder they didn't bother checking on us!

We got out at a town a few miles from the border. It was dark and there was no moon, but not far off we could see the searchlights playing on the towers and the fortifications in the zone separating Hungary from Austria. Our guides led us through alleyways and back streets, and finally we stopped in front of a dingy boarding house. The guides went inside, whispered to a clerk, and in a few minutes a battered old car drew up alongside us.

The car rattled out of town and along the pitted country roads that skirt the Hungarian border. Finally we came to the outskirts of a small village and stopped in front of an old wooden house. "You and your wife come along with me," the tall guide told me. "My friend will take the other two to another house near here."

Both houses, we were told, were occupied by peasants who were friends of the underground. The

guides had decided to split up our parties so that we could cross the border in different places and at different times.

The old car had just disappeared over the hill when the peasant came to the door in answer to our knock. "Is that all of you?" he asked. "We sent the other two along with Stephan to the other house," the tall guide explained.

"You fools!" the peasant swore. "Why didn't you ask me first?" "Our friends were moved out of there yesterday and a communist family was moved in. The first thing they will do is turn the two refugees and Stephan over to the communist police. Then the secret police will be swarming all over here."

Olga and I stared at him. The two refugees who had traveled with us from Budapest had already lost their gamble.

"I'll have to get you to the border immediately," the peasant said. "We can't waste a moment." We were hungry and both physically and emotionally spent, but there was nothing to do but snatch a sandwich and leave. The guide who had taken us this far waved a cheerful good-by. "Don't worry," he said, "I have a feeling that this is a lucky night." It was anything but lucky for him. We learned later that the police had shot him dead while he tried to escape their roundup.

We followed the peasant along a circuitous route that took us



through woods and over narrow, rocky paths. Suddenly, he threw up his hands and stopped us short. "There's somebody coming," he said. "The alarm must be out. They've got dogs, too."

He waved us over to a clump of bushes and we buried ourselves in the ground behind it. In a few minutes, we could hear the snarling noises of the dogs, following the scent of human flesh. Then the farmer broke out a wad of black pepper and scattered it along the road in front of us. As the pack came up the road, they whipped past us, with the Red patrol after them.

"We use black pepper all the time," our guide explained. "It always seems to steer the dogs off the track."

We advanced another hundred

yards along a path that brought us to a swift-running stream. Moored to the shore was a rowboat. The peasant quickly rowed us to the other side. Then he took out two shovels which had been hidden under a canvas cover in the boat and led us up to the crest of a near-by hill. The border between Austria and Hungary was just 50 yards away. But there was one catch, barbed wire five feet high was strung out all across the border and the wire was booby-trapped!

"You'll need these shovels to dig a hole so you can crawl safely under the wire," the peasant told us. "I can't help you. I've got to get back before the police find I've been missing. Once you're through the wire, go straight down the valley and stop at the third house, the one with the red roof. Ask for Franz. He'll know what to do. Keep your wits about you. And remember, the wire will blow you to kingdom come if you touch it. Keep clear of it whatever you do!"

From his pocket, the peasant pulled out a chart of the guards' movements in this area. The enforced change in plans had ruined his careful arrangements, he explained. His chart showed that two sentries coming from opposite directions would pass near the barbed wire in about 30 minutes.

"We were always able to bribe the guards here," he said. "A few days ago, however, they changed the guards around and I haven't

been able to find out whether they're the kind who'll do business or not. You can't take any chances. If they come on you while you're digging, they'll shoot to kill, so you'd better run for your lives!"

Grimly, he shook hands with us, reminded us again that Franz would take care of us, and disappeared. Nervously, we picked up our shovels and hurried over to the barbed wire. The ground was hard. Soon, the sweat was pouring down our faces like rain water. My pulse beat so wildly that it seemed to be pounding against my eardrums, and each sound of the shovel hitting into the dirt echoed in the night air. Could the guards fail to hear?

I TREMBLED with fear. Next to me, Olga kept her head glued to the ground, digging with every ounce of strength in her slim body. She said nothing, but I knew what thoughts were racing through her mind. Neither of us dared put our horrible fears into words.

The shovels began to feel like lead. We were panting for lack of breath. Somehow, we tapped enough reserve strength to keep digging, even though we were close to exhaustion. I glanced at my watch. Twenty minutes had gone by! I began to shake in fright so that the shovel dropped out of my hands.

"Pull yourself together," Olga snapped. I picked up the shovel

and resumed my digging. Then it was 25 minutes. We couldn't wait much longer. Suddenly, there was a sound of footsteps and the flickering wave of a flashlight. The guard!

Dropping our shovels, we raced to a large tree about 30 yards away and hid behind it. The tree wasn't wide enough to shelter us both from view so Olga sprawled on my back and we doubled up our legs. In a few minutes the guard came up. When he saw the shovels and the hole underneath the wire, he cursed and flashed his light across the fence toward the Austrian side of the border.

Had he bothered to wheel around and flash his light on all sides of the tree that was hiding us, we probably would have been sitting ducks. We'd picked a careless guard, however, who took it for granted that his quarry had already made good their escape. After a brief wait, he turned around and resumed his patrol. But when he left, he took the shovels with him.

OUR luck had been almost too good to be true. But now that the guard had taken the shovels, was the hole under the fence deep enough to allow us to get through alive? We crept cautiously from behind our shelter and carefully measured the space beneath the bottom strand of wire. "I think we can make it," Olga whispered. "Come on, Bela, have courage."

Olga went through first. She got

down flat and as she wriggled forward, I pressed her body against the ground, keeping my fingers between her body and the wire. Then, as she was clearing the wire, I shoved her forward so she rolled through. She was safe.

Olga jumped up and brushed the dirt off her dress. I begged her to run to Franz's house, so she would be in the clear in case the second guard came up while I was still burrowing under the fence. But she insisted on waiting for me.

I dug a little more with my hands because I was afraid the hole was still too shallow for me. Four more minutes passed. I didn't dare wait any longer. I started under the wire, face up. As I inched my way along, I came directly under the fence and the bottom strand of gleaming steel was only a hair's breadth from my forehead. I visualized the wire setting off the deafening explosion that would mean violent death for both Olga and myself. My hands trembled and waves of terror swept over me. I tried to move my body forward and could not budge it. I had become completely paralyzed with fear.

"Come on, Bela, come on," my wife called in desperation. Then a searchlight blinked on from the hill behind us and began to play upon the wire fence. In a burst of panic, I jerked my body forward and upward. It brushed against the deadly wire. But nothing happened! For some reason the wires apparently

had not been connected with the booby-trap charge that night. Instead of being overjoyed, I was raging. Why couldn't the peasant have known the wires weren't charged? We could have been over that fence a half hour before with nothing to worry about but a few scratches!

There was, of course, no time to worry about what might have been. As I scrambled to my feet, the light picked me up and a warning rang out from the second guard. We were in an open field but the guard was still some distance away. Should we surrender and hope that our lives might still be spared? I thought of this alternative for a moment and then discarded it. The price of freedom was worth almost any gamble.

"Come on, Olga," I said. "We'll run for it." The wind whistled in our ears as we raced madly through the darkness. We could hear the guard shouting but we kept our heads down and kept running, too frightened to look back. Crack! Crack! Two rifle bullets whipped up the dirt at our feet. We prayed silently, and continued to run. Crack! Crack! Crack! Bullets kept whizzing all across the deserted field.

Somehow, we found the energy to stagger down the valley, out of gun range, and the loud bursts of rifle fire stopped as abruptly as they had started. We half-ran, half-walked, half-crawled all the way down the valley until we came to

a row of houses. We knocked on the door of the third house and when Franz opened it, we collapsed at his feet.

THE danger hadn't passed entirely. We were in the Russian zone of Austria and there were a few hundred miles between the border village and the American zone in the city of Vienna. Franz allowed us only a brief rest and then herded us into the back of a truck and surrounded us with huge bags of flour so that we would not be visible to anyone peering into the truck from the back. We had been driving only for about ten minutes, however, when the truck stopped suddenly. We were at the intersection of a main highway and a whole swarm of Red Army soldiers was bearing down on us from one side of the road. Franz waved to them cheerfully from his seat.

"My God, we've been betrayed!" I whispered to my wife. "He probably isn't Franz at all, but a communist informer." The soldiers, however, only waved back and kept on going. Then the truck started up again. "They've been having night maneuvers around here," Franz explained. "I make it my business to be friendly with them."

The ride to Vienna was cramped and dusty and each time we were stopped at a Red check point, we became panic-stricken at the prospect of the Russians climbing aboard and making a search.

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THE MEDITATIONS ON THE 15 MYSTERIES OF THE ROSARY

Early last year Bishop Fulton J. Sheen wrote a series *especially and exclusively* for the CATHOLIC DIGEST on the 15 Mysteries of the Rosary. These appeared in three consecutive months, of five Mysteries each. 1. The Joyful Mysteries. 2. The Sorrowful Mysteries, and 3. The Glorious Mysteries.

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Fortunately, however, the Soviet *Kommandatura* in Austria is not too vigilant about checking on refugees from the satellite countries. Each time Franz showed his papers, he exchanged a few words with the soldiers, and was passed on. After a few hours, we pulled up in front of the hotel in the American zone of Vienna where we were to meet our French friend and our little boy.

We were able to breathe the air of freedom now but we still hesitated. What if something had gone wrong with Josef?

We hardly dared to open the door to room 201, the scheduled meeting place. Finally, we knocked, very gently. The door swung open. There was the Frenchman, and there was Josef. Our son was standing grim and tight-lipped and there was a strange expression on his face. Then suddenly Josef screeched, "Mama!" "Papa!" and ran crying into our arms. The Frenchman heaved a sigh of relief.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed. "You coached the boy only too well about keeping silent in that coal barrel. All the way to Vienna, he has just been staring into space and although I tried a thousand times, I could not get him to utter a single syllable. I had a doctor from the hotel look at him just a while ago and he said the boy had been frightened out of his speech. Until you came, I was worried that the boy had lost his tongue forever!"

China Can Be Freed

*One who knows lays out the strategy which will end
Russia's dominance*

By MAJ. GEN. CLAIRE L. CHENNAULT

Condensed from *See**

I ESTIMATE that at the relatively small cost to the U. S. of \$500 million a year Red China can be freckled with revolt.

Its attention and energies can be diverted from further aggression abroad to defensive operations at home.

In the 2nd World War, guerrilla warfare proved its worth in Japanese-dominated China. Led by Rear-Adm. Milton Edward Miles, in a top-secret unit known as Saco (Sino-American Cooperative Organization) 3,006 Americans organized 125,000 Chinese guerrillas into a force which spread dismay among the conquerors.

According to the unit's official history, Saco, the Rice Paddy navy, "from June 1, 1944, to July 1, 1945, killed 23,450 Japanese, wounded 9,166, captured 291, and destroyed 209 bridges, 84 locomotives, and 141 ships and river craft, besides many depots and warehouses."

What was done in China against the Japanese can be done in China, on a much greater scale, against the Chinese communists and their Russian rulers.

This article was reprinted in the Congressional Record last May. World events since that time have not changed the force of General Chennault's arguments.

For example. At Nanking, China's former capital, the mile-wide Yangtze river cuts the main railroad connecting Manchuria and North China with Shanghai and China's southeast seaboard. There is no bridge. Two huge train ferries, each floating 20-odd freight cars, keep traffic moving. If these ferries were sunk, north-south freight traffic could not be fully restored for weeks, perhaps months. But a couple of quiet stowaways, trained to use TNT efficiently, could blow the ferries sky high.

Another example. Shanghai's congested waterfront is linked with the Pacific and the outside world by the Whangpoo river, a stream less than 100 yards wide in places. A few well-coached river men, in command of one heavily loaded steamer, could swing it sideways on an ebb tide, blow it up, and isolate

Shanghai's millions from the sea.

The dropping of a few fire bombs in the right place, even a saboteur with a match in his hands, could turn gasoline depots into infernos.

Red China is vulnerable to guerrilla warfare for two reasons. 1. A powerful resistance movement is building up on China's mainland. It may number 1 million men, with millions more ready to join them. 2. Chinese Nationalist troops on the island of Formosa are ready to supply leadership for the mainland guerrillas.

Under Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his military chief, Gen. Sun Li-jen, a product of our own Virginia Military institute, the Nationalists are being well trained. Most of them have relatives on the mainland. They were driven from their native land by the communists, and are eager to go back.

I was a dinner guest at Generalissimo Chiang's home in Taipei. I can report that he is calmly confident that his Nationalists, with or without help, ultimately will retake their native land from its Russian-puppet rulers. True, the communist conquerors swept Chiang's forces into exile. But ramming a mechanized army through hungry Chinese, mostly rural noncombatants, and holding down the struggling mass thus temporarily conquered are two different tasks.

Today, the once-scattered, once-tattered Nationalist army has been unified. Importantly, it is no longer

hungry. Unlike foreigners, the Nationalists can slip onto the Chinese mainland at night, in small groups, and melt into the underground. They can infiltrate the 450 million Chinese now living under the communist yoke, and, in the main, hating it. They can spark sporadic uprisings over the entire expanse of China. These will be outbreaks by an army with no visible front for the communists to attack.

The Nationalists on Formosa can, and must, deliver weapons, ammunition, and sabotage equipment to the guerrillas on the mainland. They must also drop portable radios, for close communication ties extend from every corner of China to Formosa's anti-communists. Thus, information can be transmitted on every move made by the Reds: departures of troop trains, creation of arsenals, warehouses and ammunition dumps, arrivals of steamships. Each arsenal, warehouse, and ammunition dump is a reachable target. Under proper leadership, Chinese, who hate the Reds, can sneak among them and, at night, wreak destruction and death.

The great masses of the Chinese people never sought communism. Their leaders were beguiled by pledges of better living conditions at a time when it was hard to imagine how conditions could be worse. Mao Tse-tung promised a stable economy. Now many Chinese know that he could not deliver on this promise if he tried, and that he is

not even trying. Hungry populations in every province are fuel for rebellion. Able, determined men can rouse them far and wide.

The Nationalists on Formosa must execute not only guerrilla raids but overt, formal acts of warfare against the mainland communists. The Nationalist air force must bomb bridges and destroy locomotives and freight cars. Incendiary bombs must be dropped on communist marshaling yards. Communist truck transport must be blasted.

Soon after overrunning South China, the communists reopened abandoned tungsten and tin mines in south-central Hunan province. Red China badly needs their output. But Nationalist pilots have spotted these installations and they are marked on maps in Formosa.

To carry on a campaign of harassment against the mainland, the Nationalist army on Formosa has some equipment and heavy machine guns, some self-propelled artillery, tanks, and armored cars. It must have more, and these can only come from the nations of the free Western world, particularly from the U.S.

It would not be necessary to destroy Chinese cities in order to sap Red China's strength. Such bombing would kill hundreds of Chinese noncombatants for every Red target eliminated. It also would embitter Chinese on the mainland against the West. Finally, the importance of the target would not justify the

Red China

CHINESE prisons now hold 22 bishops, at least 400 priests, and about 100 Sisters. Since the communist regime began two years ago, missionaries forced to leave China number more than 1500. About 1,000 foreign missionaries remain, including priests and nuns, plus 1,000 Chinese priests, next target of the Reds.

Bulletin of the SS. Peter and Paul Missionaries (Feb. '52)

cost. And, obviously, no target here would be important enough to warrant use of the atom bomb.

Properly used, Chiang's force can so demoralize the Chinese communists that they will lose strength in Asia and become a heavy drain on the militarist economy of Russia. Soviet might is not limitless.

I propose, in short, that the communist oppressors in Asia be burdened with an internal struggle which will strain all their resources, leaving them no strength for further foreign adventures. I do not believe that this will cause Russia to declare war on the U.S. or the rest of the free world. On the contrary, it will give the U.S. a bargaining position in the Far East, and only if we occupy such a position can we ever persuade the Chinese communists and their Russian masters to talk sincerely about a lasting peace.

It's Fun to Be a Daly

A roadhouse became a community center when this family took it over

By VANCE PACKARD

Condensed from the *American Magazine**

I have just discovered a wonderfully different kind of road dine-and-dance place on the Boston Post road outside Stamford, Conn. It is Laddin's Terrace, the biggest in Connecticut.

It is made extraordinary by a remarkable family of nine, the Dalys, who own and operate it. They have built it into a clean, wholesome place where most local parents are glad to have their dating sons and daughters go for dancing and parties. The seven children of Frank Daly and his wife Stella are Carol, 10; Bobby, 14; Marie, 18; Frank Jr., 22; Dot, 23; Charlie, 25; and Dick, 26. Together, they handle all the important roles at their dance place, and they have an uproarious time doing it. They sing the songs. They lead the band, beat the drums, greet the customers, cook the French fries, sell the soft drinks, scrub up afterward.

Mr. Daly is a proud family man, and his warm Irish face exudes earnestness. Church and civic leaders by the dozens hail him affectionately.

"We built the Terrace as a place where our whole family could

work together," Mr. Daly explains. "With our own children here, Mrs. Daly and I could not run it as a dive, even if we wanted to. This fact has pretty much shaped the character of the place."

When I dropped in at Laddin's Terrace it was almost 5 o'clock on a Monday afternoon. Most of the nine Dalys were busy cleaning up after their Saturday night dance. Dick, the oldest Daly offspring, was running a large vacuum cleaner near the beautiful sunken dance floor, "largest between New York and Boston." He hollered, "I'm the drum and vacuum man." (He also plays the drums in the band.)



Lean, soft-spoken Charlie, the 25-year-old chef, was polishing his 20-foot battery of stoves. Bobby, 14, a happy-go-lucky butterball, was hauling soft-drink crates to the back entrance. Dot, 23, the family's hepcat, was merrily washing 600 glasses. I looked for Mr. Daly. He was sitting on the thick red rug in the main lobby, scrubbing a door to a gleaming white.

Mr. Daly was flustered by my appearance. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I was just getting ready to leave for an appointment. Can you see me in an hour?" Then, apologetically, he added, "I'd hate to miss this appointment, because I've been keeping it for nine years."

Later I learned where he vanishes to every Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock. He slips into near-by St. John's church to offer a prayer of thanks. When he first began slipping into the church on Mondays nine years ago, however, it was for a different purpose. He was making a distraught plea for divine help and guidance. Then, he was up against it, bad: an unemployed drummer with seven children to feed.

Only a few months before that, he had thought he was all set. He had his own little four-piece band in a place out in the country. Then, wham! came the wartime ban on gas. The place closed. He had to disband his orchestra.

The ban put him out in the street. What sickened him was not

so much the new setback but the fact that the setbacks never ceased. They had never ceased since that first stunning setback in the late 20's when talkies came in, and knocked him out of his movie-theater job making mood music for the "silents."

He had assumed he could make a lifelong career of playing in theater orchestras when he asked Stella Vuono to marry him. Stella and he set out to raise a nice, big family; Dick, Charlie, and Dot were already born and Frank, Jr., (Frankie) was on the way when the "talkie" blow fell. Then came the depression. The music business was shot.

First they lost the new house on Broad St. they were trying to buy, and all the money they had in it. Then they had to leave a cold, draughty place they had rented on Hillside Ave. because they couldn't pay the rent.

As Frank began praying for guidance, he was tormented by doubts about where he was headed in life. A musical career, he was beginning to admit, just doesn't mix with small towns and big families. He began going around to the factories in Stamford to see about a job.

Every Monday he went to pray. One Monday he was wandering down a Stamford street. He heard a knock on a window. It was his friend Jack Furer, in the Furer Music shop.

"Hey, Frank," Jack called, "did you hear that they're putting Laddin's Terrace on the block next week? Maybe you could pick it up at a bargain." The place had gone into bankruptcy a year before and had been padlocked ever since.

Daly laughed. He had only a few hundred dollars to his name. Probably, \$60,000 to \$70,000 would be needed.

Daly started for home, but changed his course and walked out toward the Terrace. It was a mile out, toward Greenwich. He stood and looked at it, and pecked in its windows, maybe for a couple of hours.

He saw himself on the stand leading a 10-piece band. Such bands were almost unheard of in Connecticut any more. But it was his great dream.

At supper he cautiously mentioned that the Terrace was going to be auctioned, and gradually unfolded his dream. Dick, then 18, was excited. "Maybe I could play drum in the band!" he exclaimed. Mr. Daly conceded that Dick had become a mighty fine drummer. Charlie, with a quiet grin, said, "I'm getting *A's* in my cooking course at high school. Maybe I could be chef."

Then all the other children began chiming in with suggestions on how they too could help. Mr. and Mrs. Daly began looking at each other with strange intentness.

Suddenly Frank Daly began see-

ing his family, not as eight other mouths to feed, but as eight working partners. If they were all in as a team they could prosper or fail together. It could be no worse than now, with the other eight suffering quietly over his unemployment.

That night, after the youngsters were in bed, Frank and Stella took up the idea again. Gradually a picture of a daringly different kind of roadhouse emerged from their thinking. They would throw out the bar. They would open the place only on week ends or for large special parties. That would cut down risk and overhead. They would run it as a family-type place.

So Daly looked around for backing. He was long on friends and relatives, including Stella's mother. They agreed to see him through. Just before the deadline, he put in his bid.

In a matter of hours he learned the sad news. His bid had been second highest. He went back to walking the streets.

But only for a day. Stella came looking for him excitedly to tell him the Terrace was theirs, after all. The other man's wife, it seemed, had raised such violent objections to her husband saddling himself with a white elephant that she had persuaded him to forfeit the \$1,000 binder.

So it was that the Dalys moved into the Terrace, in 1943, and began overhauling it, and running it

"clean," trying to make a go of it where others had failed. Mr. Daly's biggest thrill was assembling an 11-piece orchestra.

In a matter of months people who loved to dance began flocking in. They couldn't come in cars because of the gas ban, so they came on foot, by bike, buggy, taxi, and tallyho.

The war, and gas rationing, ended, and the Terrace prospered. Daly began thinking he was in the clear. He decided he would buy a new car and take Stella on the first real vacation of their married life. As November, 1946, approached he excitedly made plans to give his first son, Dick, a wedding party at the Terrace when Dick married that month.

Before dawn on Monday, Oct. 26, the police called. The Terrace was on fire.

In five minutes their wonderful life was wiped out. Even the band instruments were gone. Daly stood stunned. Insurance wasn't adequate to cover rebuilding.

Daly soon learned how much the Terrace had come to mean to a lot of people. The next Saturday night nearly 100 out-of-towners who hadn't heard about the fire came. A lot of people in the community, including parents and clergy, urged him to try to rebuild.

The problem was not only money, but materials, still under tight control. Contractors who had sons or daughters came to Daly and of-

fered to hunt around for hard-to-get materials, such as nails, knotty-pine paneling, and top-grade maple for the dance floor. Public officials offered to get the Terrace a high priority by classifying it a "family hardship case." Bankers volunteered loans to finance the rebuilding.

The Dalys conferred, and decided to rebuild. The whole family set to work. Soon, dozens of townspeople were helping them. Within six months a beautiful, sparkling, new, enlarged structure, with a gracious new stone and brick façade, emerged.

On the opening night the place was filled as never before, with 500 people, all in a gala mood. During an intermission a local businessman leaped up onto the bandstand, gave an impromptu little speech, and called on all the Dalys to come up and take a bow. The applause was tremendous.

Today the Dalys are financially secure for the first time within Frank's memory. He has paid off all but \$5,000 of his once staggering debts. The Terrace has become one of Stamford's most successful and widely enjoyed enterprises.

The Dalys had skimped so long that they are enjoying their new prosperity to the full. They have three television sets (one downstairs, one upstairs, and one in Dick's house), a new oil burner, a freezer, a new piano, and five automobiles. Dorothy has a logical ex-

planation for having five cars: "We all like to go different places." Mr. and Mrs. Daly and five of their children hope to move out of their decrepit, 104-year-old house in early spring to a spacious, ruggedly built house on Hubbard Ave., high up on the edge of town.

As Frank Daly sees it, his prayers have been answered. That is why he keeps his appointment at church—to offer thanks every Monday afternoon.

On a recent Saturday night my wife and I found acres of cars were parked around the Terrace. Inside were 400 people, most of them couples in their early 20's and most of them happily dancing. Mrs. Daly, a round, pleasant woman, was first to greet us. She supervises the checkroom. Marie, 18, sweet and easy going, was helping her mother.

Mr. Daly, in white coat, led us to a linen-covered table. "I'm the greeter when I'm not leading the band," he said. As we sat down, the 11-piece band broke into a throbbing rendition of *Pretty-Eyed Baby*. Dick Daly, 26, was hopping about in his seat behind the drums. "Franne played sax for us until he went into the army a few weeks ago," Mr. Daly explained. He added, "There goes Carol to sing."

A winsome 10-year-old in a white fluffy gown walked confidently up to the mike: She was chewing bubble gum. She tossed the gum into a special box. Then, laughing and

waving to acquaintances, she took the mike firmly in her hands and with all the casual ease of a Dinah Shore burst into "Pretty-eyed baby, we can have a lot of fun."

Dorothy, vivacious 23-year-old, was gaily keeping time to the music as she filled waiters' orders behind the soft-drink and soda counter. "Dot selects all the tunes for the band's library," Mr. Daly stated, "and she fills in on trumpet when we need her. Charlie and Bobby are in the kitchen." Both were in chef's caps, and sweating. They make 20 kinds of sandwiches and 600 pounds of French fries every Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Daly are the top bosses at the Terrace, but the children are all profit-sharers. Each youngster is paid a regular fee for the Saturday night, plus cleaning work, and is paid extra for each private party. The fees to each vary, as do some of the startling uses they put their money to. They spend a lot of it in helpfulness, that is, helping out other members of their family and people or projects in their community.

All the Dalys assemble from their various private enthusiasms at mealtime. Mother, Charlie, and Bobby do most of the cooking, and Carol, Marie, and Dot handle the dishes. They could probably hire a cook now, but there are many other things they would rather spend the money on. Besides, they feel that nobody could cook *pizzas, lasagna*

and meat balls like mother does.

The memory of lean days has made Mrs. Daly into an ardent wholesale shopper. The spare kitchen upstairs looks like a store. Right now, Mrs. Daly's great project is planning her kitchen in the big, sunny house they will move to soon. Into it, she is putting everything she has dreamed about—automatic dishwasher, tile walls, exhaust fan, a beautiful new range, a new 11-foot refrigerator, and her freezer.

When they look back on all the wonderful things that have happened to their family during the past few years, they say their dreams have more than been fulfilled. Not only have they had great fun working and planning together for successful family life, but in Laddin's Terrace they have the satisfaction of achieving something worth while for their community. With quiet fervor, Mr. Daly states, "The Lord has been good to us."

Flights of Fancy

Venetian blinds sliced the sunshine. —*Mrs. K. Bettale*. . . . The sun slid off the table and fell over the floor. —*J.H.*

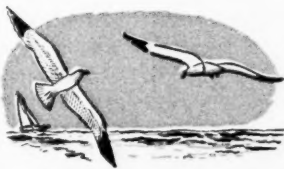
Politicians letting off esteem. —*Pete Simer*.

Gulls figure-skating across the sky. —*R.P.* . . . Swallows stunt-flying over the barn. —*Max Levin*.

Poplars at attention, willow trees at ease. —*C. A. Myers*.

Hollywood formula: nothing succeeds like excess. —*Time*.

Policeman conducting his traffic orchestra. —*G.C.B.*



Signs of spring: when the first garden tools start to push their russet heads above the snow. —*Mrs. T. P. Borden*. . . .

Summer: ballet of daisies on a windy hill. —*Arletta Stowe*. . . . Attic cleaning: deciding between sentiment and sediment.

Thin, penetrating tone of a violin feeling about for a tune. —*John Steinbeck*.

Avoided the subject as if stepping around puddles in the conversation. —*Maud Merrit*. . . . Built a platform out of his words and mounted it. —*Cid Ricketts Sumner*.

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

My Daughter Had Rheumatic Fever

*Treatment must be so prompt that this doctor regretted
an overnight delay*

By ROBERT TOUBIB, M.D.
Condensed from *Today's Health**

My wife Marcelle and I were watching our daughter on the tennis court. She was placing her shots with a strong forehand, flashing across the court to compensate for a backhand that was not as good as her opponent's. As we watched, I kept thinking of a gray, cold morning eight years before. Then I had stood looking at that same Jacqueline, a pitiful little girl writhing on her bed. The spectators cheered when Jacqueline took her last set. Her grace and sportsmanship had completely won them. We cheered, too, and I found myself blinking moisture from my eyes. Now I felt sure she was safe, but I was remembering too vividly that terrible dawn when Jacqueline had torn my heart with her plea, "Daddy, cut off my legs. I don't care, they hurt so much."

The cheering subsided. Marcelle's touch brought

me from my wandering thoughts.

"Bob," she said, "do you realize that if Jacky can win her game today, that if she can run and play, perhaps that if she can still be with us, it is because of what was promptly done when she first had rheumatic fever?"

I understood then that Marcelle, too, had been re-living those decisive few days of eight years ago.

It had begun about two weeks after Jacqueline recovered from a sore throat. She had not felt up to par, and one morning she began to complain of a little stiffness in her thighs and her right knee. We tried to keep her quiet. In the afternoon, when we discovered that she had a degree of fever, we made her go to bed. She became fretful toward evening, so I gave her a little aspirin and she went off to sleep.

Marcelle had suggested that we call Doctor Bos-



well. I had put her off. In the bleak early hours of the next morning Jacqueline cried out in pain. Both Marcelle and I were at her bedside in a second. We found poor Jacky shivering and miserable. The weight of her bedclothes had been so painful that she had pushed them off. Both her ankles were red and swollen. It was when I touched one of them ever so gently that she pleaded, "Daddy, cut off my legs."

For a second I stood aghast, thinking of something beyond those painful ankles, thinking of what might be happening to the valves in Jacky's heart, wondering how much that heart would be crippled. Marcelle looked at me. I felt the reproach in her glance. "I'll telephone Doctor Boswell," she announced.

I placed pillows to protect Jacqueline's ankles and covered her with the lightest eiderdown comforter. Then, as further protection, I made a sort of primitive bed-cradle out of a box with the top and one side knocked off. In the space beneath the cradle I placed two hot-water bottles.

Then, with my stethoscope, I examined Jacqueline's heart. I listened and tried not to hear. But I could not help hearing. There was a harsh murmur, a murmur which had not been there when I listened only a few days before. It gave me a sickly, hopeless feeling.

Now I knew that Jacqueline had acute rheumatic fever. I couldn't

stop thinking that that murmur might mean a crippled heart for the rest of my daughter's life. I thought of all the good things she might miss: dancing, playing, really living a useful life. And I could feel Marcelle's questioning eye on me. What was I to tell her?

There were footsteps behind me. I felt a hand on my shoulder, and heard Bill Boswell's voice say, "What's the trouble, Bob?"

"Rheumatic fever, acute," I said, and blurted out the whole story with all the pessimism common to doctors when the patient is of their own flesh.

When I had finished, Bill verified my observations. Then he said, "Cheer up, old man, we're starting treatment early."

Conscience-stricken, I replied, "I should have called you last night."

"At least you have not poured all the neighborhood remedies into her stomach nor used all the pain killers on her tender ankles," replied Bill. "That might have wasted days. It is often a week before I get a chance at a case of rheumatic fever. This time—"

I interrupted, "What's the next move, Bill?"

"We'll start with a large dose of salicylate with bicarbonate. Keep an ice bag over Jacqueline's heart." Bill gave me full directions about treatment, and then turned to Marcelle with points about nourishment and care.

In Jacqueline's case the effect of

the salicylate was dramatic. Within two hours my daughter decided that, after all, she would like to keep her legs. By noon the tenderness was almost gone. In a few days all pain had disappeared and her temperature was actually normal.

But that was not the end. Day after day we followed Dr. Boswell's treatment; followed it long after the symptoms of the disease had gone; followed it when Jacqueline insisted she was well except for the nasty medicine which made her sick.

Poor Jacky had to stay in bed while her schoolmates played in the sun and in the snow. The ice bag over her heart served her in an unexpected way: keeping the bag in place became a sort of fetish with her and helped to keep her lying quietly on her back.

Every morning I listened to her heart. After a week I began to ask myself, "Is that murmur really becoming smoother? Is it less audible?"

Another ten days, and I could no longer be sure I heard it. Just as at first I was afraid to believe that the murmur existed, now I was afraid to believe myself when I could no longer hear it. But Bill Boswell came in, and listened long and intently. He turned Jacqueline to one side and listened again. Then to the other side. At last he said, "Bob, it's gone."

Happiness came back to our home. Marcelle smiled again.

Then came the long convalescence. We took no chances. I had not forgotten the many patients I had seen whose hearts were crippled and failing, whose mothers made confessions which went like this: "Oh, that *is* so, doctor, Mary (or Jim) did have swollen joints about a year ago. But they didn't amount to much. The child was only in bed a few days."

And I knew that in most of those cases it was because the children had not been carefully guarded until their hearts had returned as near as possible to normal that the little patients were now condemned to join the long list of young people who die each year of this disease. From 6,000 to 7,000 between the ages of five and 24 die of rheumatic fever in the U.S. each year.

Orders or no orders, Jacqueline began to sit up in bed before the first month had passed. Soon afterward Doctor Boswell permitted her to sit in a chair for a short time. While he kept unceasing watch over her heart action, she was allowed gradually to increase her activity. It was months before we felt it safe to permit her to play as she liked. Even then, even now, we are careful to guard her against things which, especially in a child who has had an attack, seem to predispose to rheumatic fever: cold, dampness, wet clothes, wet feet, and exhaustion.

Always in our minds is the thought that the first attack of

rheumatic fever is not particularly dangerous. Less than 5% die. But the first attack is frequently not the last—so frequently that the average duration of life after the first attack is not more than 12 years.

The damage caused by rheumatic fever does not shock the eye like the crippling of infantile paralysis. We cannot see crippled hearts, nor can we visualize the multitude of graves rheumatic fever continues to fill. For it kills about as many people in the U.S. as are attacked by infantile paralysis. One million is a reasonable estimate of the living rheumatic-fever victims. The heart is attacked in 71% of all cases.

The disease has a close relation with infection by the streptococcus, usually of the tonsils, for it usually accompanies or follows such infections. Prompt treatment and isolation of streptococcus infections is the most valuable defense against rheumatic fever.

In the U.S., rheumatic fever reaches its climax in the late winter and early spring. A sojourn in the tropics during that part of the year might well be considered for those who have had an attack and whose health has not been completely re-established.

In the temperate zone, where most of us live with the streptococcus, we can use the same defense

against rheumatic fever that we should use against the common cold: prevent the invasion, that is, infection; and if invasion occurs, be prepared to destroy the enemy by the specific treatment now available. There is still no specific treatment for the common cold, but dramatic cures of streptococcus infections are now being made by the use of the sulfa drugs and penicillin.

Rheumatic fever does not always make the frank frontal attack described in my daughter's case. It may approach stealthily, gnawing at the heart valves without any more obvious signs than fever, fatigue, and malaise which could easily be attributed to a local infection of tonsils, throat or sinuses. And vague pains in the joints may be passed off as "growing pains." There is no such thing as growing pains. If such cases are not under proper care from the beginning, the damage is discovered only when an opportunity to examine the heart arises. Such damage might have been prevented. The progress of that damage may be stopped but the damage cannot be repaired.

If the heart crippler does visit a dear one of yours, be patient. When Jacqueline ran to our arms after her tennis tournament, our sacrifices during the eight years seemed small, yet all-important.

ONE THING about the old-fashioned blacksmiths, when you took your horse in to be shod, they didn't find a lot of other things to do to it.

Your Life (Feb. '52).

Police of New York

*The Gotham cop of today is not the dim wit of detective stories,
but a highly trained specialist*

By AGNES ROTHERY

Condensed from *New York Today**

GASOLINE CAVALRY may be forcing upon old Dobbin his honorable discharge from nearly every army in the world, but New York's army of 20,000 cops still finds him useful. A New York policeman sitting easily erect on his motionless horse attracts even people who have seen mounted police since childhood. When the horse gets bored and wants to move, he rests one foot on the curb, and passers-by smile.

People always notice the mounted policeman because horses are getting rare in the city streets. The police department, which has more than 1,000 radio cars, has only 311 horses.

The horses are carefully selected at auctions out west, and trained to give instant response to a command. They take the lead when the cop must drop the reins, and stand un-

perturbed in the midst of the dizziest traffic. When a horse is retired, a good home is found for him, and more than one policeman has willingly paid the cost out of his own pocket.

No automobile can so effectively impress a mob with the dignity and might of the law as a mounted policeman. Nothing seems to quell a riot so quickly as having horses driven directly at and through it.

Rioters do not know that the horses are trained not to trample, strike, or bite, but only to push. When they see the powerful beasts coming at them they disperse.

If horses are needed in an emergency some distance away, they are whisked there in a motor van, with its special water tank, forage locker, and forge. A van can carry six horses and their riders.



*Prentice-Hall, 70 5th Ave., New York City 11. Copyright, 1951,
by the author. 279 pp. \$3.75.

Mounted policemen and the 2,000 traffic policemen are the ones most often seen by the public.

But there are 20,000 men and women in the New York police force, more than in the armies of Denmark, Ecuador, Ireland, New Zealand, Norway or Venezuela.

Every single cop must pass the Civil Service mental and physical tests. After he's hired, he must go to the Police academy on probation for six months. During the first three months, he learns target shooting, self-defense, including boxing and wrestling, traffic direction, detective work, first aid.

The next three months are spent in the field, but although by now he may have had experience in handling drunks and delivering babies, he is still a probationer.

Later, he may wish to advance. To do that, he keeps studying.

Although detective-story writers may try to show up a cop as a dim wit, the New York policeman today is intelligent and well-educated. Of 2,000 recently graduated from the Police academy, more than 600 were high-school graduates and nearly 400 had gone to college.

There is never any lack of candidates for the academy. When there are openings for 3,000, 25,000 usually apply. What attracts so many to a profession which is hard, dangerous, and not particularly honored socially? There are several reasons. After 20 years, a cop can retire at half pay. The pension

board may retire special cases on full pay. If he is disabled on duty, the policeman gets three-fourths of his base pay. Many cops retire in the early 40's, or even before that, get another job, and continue to draw their pension.

It costs New York City \$98 million a year to run the police department, and it is worth it. On foot, horseback, and radio motorcycles, and in radio cars, cops patrol more than 6,000 miles of streets. Two minutes from the time a call for help comes, men and equipment are on the spot.

The harbor squad, with 12 motor launches, patrols the 578 miles of shore line. It also covers much of the Jersey shore in New York harbor, since a pact was made between the two states (1834) in the interests of commerce and navigation.

The launches carry smoke bombs, tear-gas bombs, grappling irons, body chains and stretchers, submachine guns, repeating rifles, and plenty of ammunition. They have reduced piracy to mere sneak-thievery, so that their chief work is to detect fires, catch smugglers, prevent petty larceny, come to the aid of persons or ships in distress, rescue the living, and recover the dead.

The police air force works out of Floyd Bennett field, and is in constant radio communication with headquarters. It has two Grumman amphibians, a Stinson landplane, and three helicopters, which are especially useful in rescuing men

marooned on wrecks or rafts. It stops low flying and stunting over the city, patrols beaches, and aids the traffic division by sighting traffic bottlenecks.

A small girl locks herself in the bathroom and cannot find the key. A small boy decides to climb a telegraph pole and sit there indefinitely. The family cat climbs a tree and can't get down. A swarm of bees buzzes down a city street. An escaped bull charges up the avenue. The emergency squad rushes with siren wailing, bringing what equipment is necessary, each man assigned to a special duty.

On a report of murder or suicide, the dramatic homicide squad makes its appearance. The police officer in charge, the policeman driver, the detective, the police photographer leap out. They carry with them a homicide kit, a large black bag. The bag contains things like this: ten yards of cheesecloth and 12 pieces of white chalk, a screw driver, compass saw, claw hammer, chisel, steel jimmy, shears, pliers, electric trouble lamp with wire, flashlight, extra bulbs, steel tape measure, magnifying glass, two-inch brush, glass test tubes, mirror, rubber gloves, alcohol, file, fingerprint powders, ink and roller, heavy twine, box of black crayon and a 60-watt electric bulb.

The photographer has his camera, the stenographer his notebook and pencil. The detective examines powder marks, extracts a bullet

from the woodwork, examines it under his microscope, and puts it in a small bag to be carried to the police laboratory. Detectives are swarming everywhere, finding far more clues than the mystery writer has patience to mention.

There are hundreds of other cops who perform their duties unseen. The Bureau of Special Service and Investigation operates secretly when guarding visiting royalty and diplomats and spying on subversives. So do the plain-clothes men hunting out slot machines.

The 23 detectives, one of them a woman, in the Missing Persons bureau quietly and methodically do their job of tracing 20,000 lost, strayed, or stolen children and grownups each year. In the technical-research laboratory, men bend over tables, testing instruments used in locating hidden metal articles. Here are files on the latest thing in dyes, lipsticks, auto paints, and poisons. Here experts examine the gun and bullets found at the scene of the crime. Other men study the hair, the scrapings under the fingernails, the cigarette butts and ashes, and bits of lint from clothes or furnishings.

Behind the scenes, the Bureau of Planning and Operations works out every police assignment in detail, laying out orders for handling mass demonstrations, strikes, disasters, elections. The property clerk keeps lost, abandoned or unclaimed articles, ranging from dog biscuits to

jeeps, which fill a large warehouse. A Legal bureau in the police department answers any questions a policeman may ask.

With these 20,000 energetic and skilled members of the police department on the job, it might seem that crime is certain to be punished in short order. But working against

them with equal energy are thousands of criminals who devote their entire lives to lawbreaking.

The police have not wiped out all crime in New York City and they have not caught every criminal. But the department has come a long way since it started as a Burgher Guard in the Dutch days of 1643.



This Struck Me

We have all heard the charge made by unbelievers that Christianity is a conglomeration of ancient mystery cults and that the faith is supposed to thrive on vague mystery and intellectual darkness. That this is the exact reverse of the truth, Evelyn Waugh brilliantly points out when, after remarking that the canon of the Ethiopian Mass at Debra Lebanos was said behind closed doors unseen by the congregation, he says:*

AT DEBRA LEBANOS . . . I saw the Church of the 1st century as a dark and hidden thing, as dark and hidden as the seed germinating in the womb; legionnaires off duty slipping furtively out of barracks, greeting each other by signs and passwords in a locked upper room in the side street of some Mediterranean seaport; slaves at dawn creeping from the gray twilight into the candlelit, smoky chapels of the catacombs. The priests hid their office, practicing trades; their identity was known only to initiates; they were criminals against the law of their country. And the pure nucleus of the truth lay in the minds of the people, encumbered with superstitions, gross survivals of the paganism in which they had been brought up; hazy and obscene nonsense seeping through from the other esoteric cults of the Near East, magical infections from the conquered barbarian. And I began to see how these obscure sanctuaries had grown, with the clarity of the Western reason, into the great open altars of Catholic Europe, where Mass is said in a flood of light, high in the sight of all, while tourists can clatter round with their Baedekers, incurious of the mystery.

*When the Going Was Good: Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 1947. \$3.

[For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. It will be impossible to return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.—Ed.]



I Discover a Convent

It took courage, but I visited the place alone—and learned the truth

By BETTY JEAN JEFFRIES

WITH some kids it's trains. With me it was convents. They fascinated me. But five generations insured my never seeing inside of one, not even the one we lived next door to.

I had to be content with brief glimpses of black-robed figures majestically pacing back and forth under the trees. Occasionally, if I waited long enough, I'd catch sight of a face in a starched-linen setting as the convent car sped out of the iron gates toward town.

I prayed each night that the Lord would protect me and not lead me into temptation or, what was worse, the Catholic Church. But I spent my days trying to find out what was going on inside the forbidding graystone building. That something was, and that it was anything but good, I knew perfectly well. But what such illicit goings-on could be, I had no idea.

I didn't ask anyone. No one I knew talked about the convent. A flick of the eyebrow, curl of the lip, and general attitude of "there but for the special grace of God and

John Calvin" seemed to sum up the whole question of Rome as far as our church was concerned. And in our minds Rome and the convent were synonymous.

I watched through the wrought-iron gates day after day, one leg ready to propel me into instant flight should I be seen. At night I'd ask my sole confidante, Mamie, our maid, what she thought went on in that place.

"Don't ever want to know, Missie!" she'd say. "Sure would be too bad to find out! Spoil our days for good and all."

This was good for conjuring up all sorts of horrible pictures of convent life. I'd see each activity presided over by a tall, black-robed figure with a meat cleaver in her hand and a hungry look that boded no good for eavesdroppers from the Elm Lane Westminster church. With daylight she disappeared and in her place rose my curiosity. Meat chopper, black robes and all, I had to find out the secret of the raised eyebrows and curled lips.

Fall, winter, spring, and summer I was at my post behind a huge

hydrangea bush. Gradually my curiosity had been bolstered by a conviction that if I waited long enough something would happen. I would know once and for all what it was that had made my ancestors leave the Church, that my parents only hinted at, and that made Mamie roll her eyes toward the sky. The secret of the whole thing was inside that building.

The watching and waiting wasn't easy. Father told me that if he caught me late for dinner once more, he'd give me the licking I had coming. Mother was at her wits' end to know where I was when I was supposed to be at Mary McGill's party and why Mrs. Simmons couldn't find me when Jean had her St. Valentine's scavenger hunt.

Mamie knew all. And Mamie didn't like it. Once she asked me in a whisper, "You sure you only stand there? You sure you haven't been in?"

One muggy August morning I was propped up against a tree in our front yard watching ants, and wondering if it was worth the trouble. If something didn't happen pretty soon, I'd be too old to care. I heard a car stop but was too depressed to look up until I heard a voice. "Little girl! Little girl! Will you come here, please?" In a second I was changed from a bored block of wooden despair to an excited neurotic.

As I walked toward her I could

see her face between the starched pleats of white ruffle. She had eyes of the deepest blue I have ever seen and a mouth that smiled so pleasantly I could hardly keep back an answering grin. But even in this crisis I kept faith with my fathers. I came to an abrupt halt about three feet from her. Like one in the Tower, I waited in silence for whatever martyrdom the Lord had in store for me.

"Would you run back to the convent with this for me?" She held out an envelope. "We drove off in such a hurry we forgot to leave it and we haven't time to go back."

Grimly I stuck out my hand and took the package. I was positive it was a crude popish plot to get me inside the convent; but my curiosity, carefully nurtured for a year, refused to run. With a warm smile and a "Thank you, dear," she drew back. The car pulled away, and left me standing alone. I turned, and started toward the entrance gates.

I disregarded an inner warning to tell Mamie where I was going so that in case I didn't come out again they would know where to look. I walked past my hydrangea bush toward the huge double doors I had never seen open.

As I walked on, the thought came to me that the nun had looked happy. That was enough to halt me in my tracks. In common with my playmates, I had learned that all nuns were desperately tragic figures who went into convents when all

else had failed. But she had smiled as though she were accustomed to smiling just as a general rule. Tucking this thought away in my mind for future reference, I walked up the steps and raised the brass knocker.

The knock resounding down the stone corridors fascinated and terrified me. I could hear the echo and then quick steps on the hall flagstones. A door opened. A voice said, "Yes? May I help you?"

I looked up into the face of my second nun, which surprisingly enough didn't look miserable either. Without a word I held out the brown parcel.

"Oh, thank you, dear! Sister must have forgotten it. It was so kind of you to bring it back. Let me see; I think Sister has just finished baking brownies. How about some cookies and a glass of milk?"

With a smile she held open the door. With a great feeling that destiny and I were at last coming to grips, I followed. I was unable to speak a word, too conscious of the door closing behind me, of the empty hallway, and of her swishing black skirts.

"Step in here and I'll see about the brownies and milk."

I was too scared to acknowledge her friendliness, but too sick of crouching behind my bush to refuse her invitation. I waited a few minutes after she left. Then I tiptoed back to the door. Gingerly I tried the knob. It turned. The door wasn't

locked! My relief was sudden and great.

I sat down. A picture of Jesus stared at me from the opposite wall. I recognized Him at once, for I had colored Him too many times not to recognize Him even in these peculiar surroundings. I was a little surprised to see Him, for I had understood His presence had left the Church with Calvin. As I was trying to figure this out, the nun came in carrying a tray piled high with brownies and a jug of milk. She put the tray on the table and poured some of the milk into a glass.

"There, dear. Do you think you can manage all right? Or would you like me to help you?"

For the first time I spoke. "Thank you, madam. This will be fine."

"When you are finished, will you carry the tray back to the kitchen? It's straight down the hall. The last door. The brownies are fresh, so eat them while they're hot!"

Swish! She was gone and I was alone. I waited a minute. Then the smell of the brownies overcame my hesitation.

There wasn't a noise. I could see the empty corridor through the half-open door. No one went past. I ate the delicious chocolate squares hastily and drank two glasses of milk. Then I carefully placed the empty glass and plate back on the tray. I picked up the tray and walked out into the hall. To my left were the double doors I had just entered. To my right, down at the

very end of the stone hallway, was a brown door with a brass knob. There was no way to tell if a kitchen lay behind it. But she had said "at the end of the corridor."

The problem of holding the tray and opening the door at the same time was beyond me. Just as I was about to march back to the little room and wait, the door opened. Before I could look up and see who was behind it, I felt myself lifted up, tray and all, and set down inside a brightly lit, shining kitchen.

"Imagine a little thing like you trying to get that tray in here with the door shut!"

I was so surprised I could only stare into the jolliest face I have ever seen. My third nun, but as different from anyone I have ever seen as night is from the proverbial day. She must have weighed well over 300 pounds. The merry brown eyes and red cheeks beamed down at me as she took the tray and set it down on one of the long tables. "Did you like my brownies?"

I nodded.

"I've just put the pies in the oven. Wait a minute! Do you like blueberry pie?" Anxiously she looked down on me. Again I nodded.

"Good! I had some dough left over and a few berries, so I made a small pie just in case. You're my 'just in case,' so we're both lucky."

All the while she was talking to me, she was moving swiftly from the table to the sink, carrying dishes. I waited by the table listening,

and wishing I could find something to say. She didn't stop long enough for this to be a real problem.

"The pies won't be done for another 20 minutes, and then they've got to cool. I think you had better come back this afternoon for your pie. Can you do that?"

The thought of a whole blueberry pie all my own was almost as overwhelming as being lifted had been. I agreed earnestly to return. She took me to the back door and told me to come there for my pie. Then she bent down and kissed me.

I ran all the way home. I'd never had a pie for my very own before and I'd never seen anybody as big and jolly as that nun. Something certainly *had* happened once I'd gotten inside the convent.

Mother met me at the door. "Where in the world have you been? I've been calling and calling!" Before I could answer, she went on, "Never mind. The minister's wife called an hour ago, and you're to be one of the attendants at the candlelight ceremony Sunday evening. She's having all the attendants for lunch today and then you're to practice this afternoon. Hurry upstairs and get into the tub!"

I tried. "But Mother! I've got someplace I've got to go this afternoon, and I've got to be there!"

"Where? Anyway, we haven't time to argue. Nothing is as important as this ceremony. You can go wherever you want to some other

time. Mamie is already running the water. Hurry."

While I was making up my mind to tell mother I had to go to the convent to pick up a blueberry pie one of the nuns had baked especially for me, she went into the den to answer the phone. I could hear water splashing upstairs and Mamie

singing *My Blue Heaven*. I started up the stairs, all the excitement gone out of me. I was terribly worried about my blueberry pie. It wasn't until I was in the tub that I suddenly realized that I was much more worried about not being able to see those happy nuns again, especially the jolly one in the kitchen.



Moscow Unofficial



Andrei Gromyko returned from a four-power meeting in Paris and was admitted immediately into Stalin's presence.

"Well," asked Stalin, "did you obtain any results?"

"Better than that, comrade Stalin, much better. I prevented results."

Die Hier (Hamburg, Germany) quoted in the *Marianist* (Jan. '52).

* * *

Comrade. "Whatever you say, you must admit that Malik is a brilliant and resourceful parliamentarian."

Citizen. "The more so, since he has never had a parliament before which to practice."

The Freeman (11 Feb. '52).

* * *

A comrade visited Bulgaria's premier at his office in Sofia. "What kind of telephone are you using?" he asked his friend. "It has a receiver but no speaker."

"If you must know," the premier answered, "that is our direct connection with Moscow."

Munchner Illustrierte (Germany) quoted in *Christian Science Monitor* (1 Sept. '51).

* * *

Harry Hirschfield tells of two comrades meeting in Leningrad. One was just home from the U. S. He was asked whether gold could be found in American streets. "Yes," said the Russian traveler, "You just bend down and pick it up." "Bend down and pick it up, eh!" said the comrade. "Just as I thought: slave labor." *Spark* (12 March '51).

* * *

Two vultures on a limb were conversing. "What did you think of Molotov's latest speech?" asked one. "Fine," replied the other. "Better than any of Hitler's." *Jez* (Yugoslavia) quoted in *Quote* (9 Dec. '51).

The Birth of an Island

Takes place when molten lava presses up and finally bursts through the floor of the sea

By RACHEL L. CARSON

Condensed from *Pageant**

Miss Carson is editor-in-chief of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife service. This article is condensed from one which first appeared in the Yale Review and won for the author the Westinghouse Science Writers' award for the best scientific magazine article of the year. It was incorporated into her presently best selling book, The Sea Around Us (Oxford University Press). Miss Carson's other book, Under the Sea Wind, is published currently by the Oxford University Press.

MILLIONS of years ago, a volcano built a mountain on the floor of the Atlantic. Eruption after eruption accumulated in a mass 100 miles across at its base, reaching towards the surface of the sea. Finally its cone emerged as an island with an area of about 200 square miles. Thousands of years passed, and thousands of thousands. Eventually the waves cut down the cone and reduced it to a shoal—all of it, that is, but a small surface fragment. This we know as Bermuda.

With variations, the life story of

Bermuda has been repeated by almost every island that interrupts the watery expanses of the oceans. Islands fundamentally differ from the continents. The major land masses are today much as they have been throughout geologic time. But islands are created today, destroyed tomorrow. With few exceptions, they result from violent, explosive, earth-shaking eruptions of submarine volcanoes, working perhaps for millions of years.

The sea floor, where an island begins, is probably nowhere more than about 50 miles thick, a thin covering over the vast bulk of the earth. In it are deep cracks and fissures, the results of unequal cooling and shrinkage. Along lines of weakness the molten lava presses up, and finally bursts into the sea. Here, on the bottom of the ocean, the volcano has resisting it all the weight of ocean water above it. Despite the immense pressures of two or three miles of sea water, the new volcanic cone builds upward toward the surface, in flow after flow of lava. Once within reach of the

*535 5th Ave., New York City 17. January, 1952. Copyright, 1950, 1951, by Rachel L. Carson.

waves, its soft ash and tuff (rock) are violently attacked, and for a long period the potential island may remain a shoal, unable to emerge. But eventually the cone is pushed into the air and a rampart of hardened lava is built against the attacks of the waves.

One of the youngest of the large volcanic islands is Ascension, in the South Atlantic. It is a forbidding mass of cinders, in which are the vents of 40 extinct volcanoes.

In modern times we have never seen the birth of as large an island. But now and then a small island appears where none was before. Perhaps a month, a year, or five years later, it has disappeared into the sea again. These are the little, stillborn islands, doomed to only a brief emergence above the sea.

About 1830 such an island suddenly appeared in the Mediterranean between Sicily and the coast of Africa, rising from 100-fathom depths after signs of volcanic activity in the area. It was little more than a black cinder pile, perhaps 200 feet high. Waves, wind, and rain attacked it. Its soft and porous materials were easily eroded; its substance

was rapidly eaten away and it sank beneath the sea. Now it is a shoal, marked on the charts as Graham's reef.

Sometimes the disintegration is abrupt and violent. The greatest explosion of historic time was Krakatoa, between Java and Sumatra in the Netherlands Indies. On Aug. 27, 1883, Krakatoa literally exploded. When finally the inferno of white-hot lava, molten rock, steam, and smoke had subsided, the island that had stood 1,400 feet above the sea had become a cavity 1,000 feet below. Only along one edge of the former crater did a remnant remain.

One of the few islands not of volcanic origin seems to be the remark-

able and fascinating group known as St. Paul's Rocks. Lying in the open Atlantic between Brazil and Africa, they are an obstruction thrust from the ocean floor into the midst of the racing equatorial current, against which the seas break in sudden violence.

The entire cluster of rocks covers not more than a quarter of a mile, running in a curved line like a horseshoe. The highest rock is no more than 60 feet above



the sea; spray wets it to the summit. Abruptly the rocks dip under water and slope steeply down into great depths.

Geologists since Darwin have puzzled over their origin, though it is generally agreed that they are composed of material like that of the sea floor itself. In some remote period, inconceivable stresses in the earth's crust must have pushed a solid rock mass upward more than two miles.

So bare and desolate that not even a lichen grows on them, St. Paul's Rocks would seem one of the most unpromising places for a spider, spinning its web for passing insects. Yet Darwin found spiders there in 1833, and 40 years later the naturalists of *H.M.S. Challenger* also reported them busy spinning webs. A few insects are there, too, some as parasites on the sea birds, of which three species nest on the rocks. One insect is a small brown moth which lives on feathers. This very nearly completes the inventory of the inhabitants of St. Paul's Rocks, except for the grotesque crabs that swarm over the islets, living chiefly on the flying fishes brought by the birds to their fledglings.

St. Paul's Rocks are not alone in their extraordinary assortment of inhabitants. Fauna and flora of oceanic islands are amazingly different from those of the continents. The pattern of island life is peculiar and significant. Aside from

Baffin Island Is Popping Out of the Sea!

Baffin island in the Canadian Arctic near Greenland is coming up out of the Arctic seas at the rate of six feet a century, says Prof. Richard P. Goldthwait of Ohio State university.

Baffin island was one of four or five great centers where the snow and ice collected in North America during the Ice Age. The ice was well over a mile thick. The tremendous weight actually pressed Baffin island down more than 200 feet lower than it is today.

Baffin island still has icecaps, but the island is as big as England, and the large icecap has now shrunk to a mere 90 by 45 miles. Having lost most of its heavy ice load, Baffin island is just popping back up out of the seas.

Science Digest (Feb. '52).

forms recently introduced by man, islands remote from the continents are never inhabited by any land mammals, except sometimes the one mammal that flies, the bat.

There are never any frogs, salamanders or other amphibians. Of reptiles, there may be a few snakes, lizards and turtles, but the more remote the island from a major land mass, the fewer reptiles there are. Really isolated islands have none. There are usually a few species of land birds, some insects,

some spiders. So remote an island as Tristan de Cunha in the South Atlantic, 1,500 miles from the nearest continent, has only three species of land birds, a few insects, and several snails.

We can only guess how long after emergence an oceanic island may lie uninhabited. Certainly in its original state it is bare, harsh and repelling beyond human endurance. No living thing moves on its volcanic hills; no plants cover its naked lava fields. But little by little, riding in on the winds, drifting in on the currents or rafting in on logs, floating brush or trees, the colonizing plants and animals arrive from the distant continents.

No less than water, winds and air currents play their part. The upper atmosphere, even before man entered it in his machines, was a place of congested traffic. Thousands of feet above the earth, the air is crowded with living creatures, drifting, flying, gliding, ballooning or involuntarily swirling along on the high winds.

Wide-ranging birds in migration may also have a good deal to do with distribution of plants, and perhaps even of some insects and minute land shells. From a ball of mud taken from a bird's plumage, Charles Darwin raised 82 separate plants of five distinct species.

The catastrophe of Krakatoa gave naturalists a perfect opportunity to observe island colonization. Krakatoa after eruption was biologically

a new volcanic island. As soon as possible, scientists searched for signs of life.

Not a single plant or animal could be found. It was not until nine months later that the naturalist Cotteau could report: "I discovered one microscopic spider—only one. This strange pioneer was busy spinning its web." Since there were no insects the web-spinning presumably was in vain. Except for a few blades of grass, practically nothing lived on Krakatoa for a quarter of a century. Then the colonists began to arrive: a few mammals in 1908; a number of birds, lizards and snakes; various mollusks, insects, and earthworms. Ninety per cent of Krakatoa's new inhabitants, scientists found, could have come by air.

Man has seldom set foot on an island without cutting, clearing, and burning. He has brought with him as a chance associate the nefarious rat; and almost invariably he has turned loose upon the islands a whole Noe's Ark of other nonnative animals, as well as plants. Upon species after species of island life, the black night of extinction has fallen.

Ernst Mayr tells of a steamer wrecked off Lord Howe island, east of Australia, in 1918. Its rats swam ashore. In two years they had so nearly exterminated the native birds that an islander wrote, "This paradise of birds has become a wilderness, and the quietness of

death reigns where all was melody."

Vancouver brought cattle and goats to the Hawaiian Islands. The resulting damage to forest and vegetation was enormous. Many plant introductions were as bad. The pamakani plant was brought in many years ago, according to reports, by a Captain Makee for his beautiful gardens on Maui. The pamakani, which has light, wind-borne seeds, quickly escaped from the gardens, ruined the pasture lands on Maui, and proceeded to hop from island to island. CCC boys worked to clear it out of the Honouliuli forest reserve. As fast as they destroyed it, seeds of new plants arrived on the wind. Lantana was another plant brought in as an ornamental species. Now it covers thousands of acres with a thorny, scrambling growth, despite large sums spent to import parasitic insects to control it.

One of the most interesting of Pacific islands was Laysan, far out-riders of the Hawaiian chain, a tiny scrap of soil. It once supported a forest of sandalwood and fanleaf palms, and had five species of land birds, all peculiar to the island. One was the Laysan rail, a charming, gnomelike creature no more than six inches high. Its wings seemed too small (and were never used as wings), and its feet seemed too large.

Its voice sounded like distant, tinkling bells. About 1887, the cap-

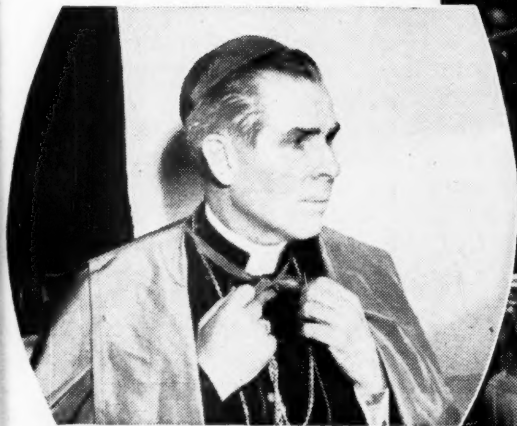
tain of a visiting ship moved some of the rails to Midway, about 300 miles west, to establish a second colony.

It seemed very fortunate, for soon thereafter rabbits were introduced on Laysan. Within a quarter of a century, the rabbits had killed off the vegetation of the tiny island, reduced it to a sandy desert, and all but exterminated themselves. As for the rails, the devastation of their island was fatal. The last native rail died about 1924.

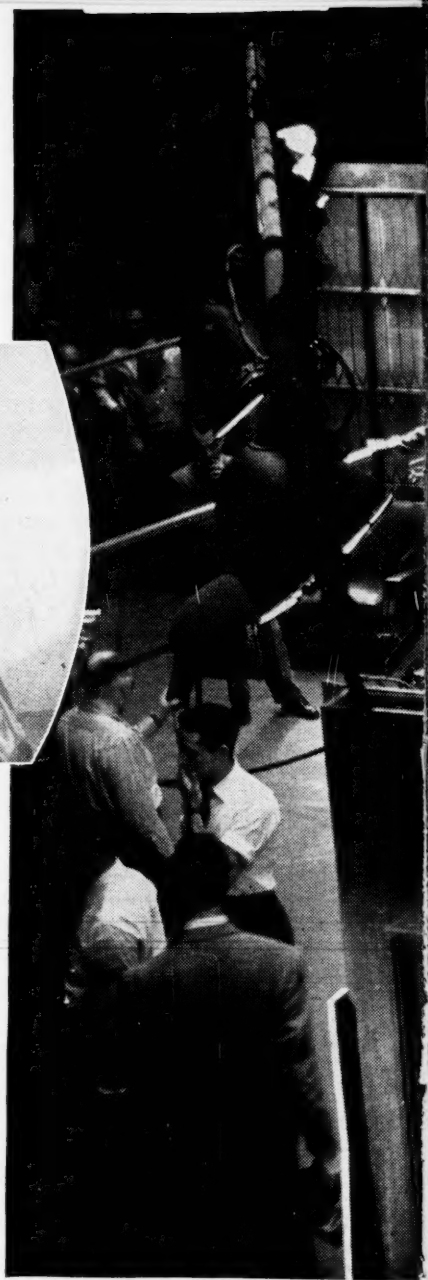
Perhaps the Laysan colony could have been restored from the Midway group had not tragedy struck there also. During the war in the Pacific, rats went ashore from ships and landing craft on island after island, invading Midway in 1943. The adult rails were slaughtered. The eggs were eaten, the young birds killed. The world's last Laysan rail was seen in 1944.

The tragedy of the oceanic islands lies in the uniqueness, the irreplaceability of the species they have developed, by the slow processes of the ages. Men should have treated these islands as precious possessions, as natural museums filled with beautiful and curious works of creation, valuable beyond price because nowhere in the world are they duplicated. W. H. Hudson's lament for the birds of the Argentine pampas might even more truly have been spoken of the islands, "The beautiful has vanished and returns not."

Bishop Sheen on TV



THE Church's outstanding radio figure for 25 years, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, has turned to the newer medium of television. Bishop Sheen, who is national director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, will continue his Sunday Catholic Hour broadcasts. But he now appears also on the Dumont Television Network in a program broadcast from the stage of the Adelphi theater in New York City. Many radio listeners throughout the country, who for many years have been wondering what he looked like, will now have a chance to see him "in person."



Before the telecast. The bishop is ready to greet



his audience. On the wall behind him is the seal of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.



The coordination of the Dumont team and a hushed audience make the occasion solemn. The bishop's famous radio delivery is enhanced by his visual presence. At times he uses a blackboard.



The show is over. Bishop Sheen relaxes with colleagues and members of studio audience. The performance was unrehearsed, and only the bishop, until the very last moment, knew its pattern.

The Wise Guy and the Baseball Fix

The fans had the faith that defeated the Devil

By DAVID CORT

Condensed from the *Commonweal**



THE first three days of October, 1951, I spent in front of a television store watching the play-off games between the Dodgers and Giants.

By the third day a tall thin Yankee fan had established himself as the authority in our group. But on that last day he was challenged by a newcomer. This was a handsome, middle-aged man with an incisive manner but very poor grammar. His way of making his points suggested that he might have been a salesman.

The stranger moved in quietly, asking for the score, about the 4th inning. The Dodgers had a one-run lead they had squeezed out of Maglie in the first inning. With Newcombe blowing down the Giant batting order, it looked as if one run would be ample. At this intelligence, the stranger just looked wise and tolerant, giving away nothing, and settled in to watch the play.

For an inning or two he made

various knowledgeable comments on players' records and abilities.

In the 6th inning the Yankee fan said, "Wait till the 7th. That's when the Giants begin hitting."

The stranger said in a pleasant, conversational voice, without taking his eyes off the screen, "They get people all excited about this thing but you know and I know it's fixed." Then he turned and looked pleasantly at the Yankee fan. "It's crazy to get excited. They're laughing at we customers, and them knowing how it's fixed to come out."

The Yankee fan returned the look warily. You could see he was thrown off stride. Superior cynicism about both Giants and Dodgers had been his specialty until then.

However, taken by surprise, he mumbled indifferently, "I wouldn't know about that."

"Look at it this way," the salesman said reasonably. "The receipts on these three games goes to the owners. So the Dodgers had to drop

that 13½-game lead. Now they want three games, not just two, so yesterday the Giants pitch Jones. Brooklyn can do anything they want with Jones. See what I mean? Now the board of strategy figure a Dodger-Yankee World Series has a bigger gate, so the Dodgers take the play-off. It's simple as that. You know it."

"That don't sound right," the Yankee fan replied. "The Polo Grounds is a bigger park than Ebbets Field. How's it smart to fix it for the smaller park?"

"Let's look at this thing," the salesman said. "I don't mean paid admissions. I mean betting money. That's the big money. Why, there's millions riding on this, with all the suckers all hotted up."

"It ain't necessary," the Yankee fan complained. "They don't have to fix nothing. Why, the Giants don't even rate being out on the same field with the Dodgers. Look at Robinson, Cox, Reese. The Giants don't have a ballplayer fit to carry their bats."

The stranger looked thoughtful, but did not comment. Instead, he replied persuasively, "I don't say the teams are in on the fix. It ain't safe to let five, six guys in on a fix. This kind of thing, it's done from the top. Like pitching Jones yesterday. Why, they knew Maglie would be a little wild today and give up a run or two. They know more than we do, out here. They know; we don't. That's why we jump out

of our skin, hoping for a run or a hit when it's already settled behind closed doors."

The Yankee fan's objections were weakening, "Maybe so, but I won't believe it till I see it. I don't say you're wrong, but I got no proof."

"Come, man," said the salesman with a smile. "You know the saying, 'A man's only as good as he has to be and a woman's as bad as she dares.'" This got a brief chuckle from the group in front of the television store.

"It's the way the world runs," the salesman went on, gratified. "Who do you think actually owns all these teams? Frank Costello, that's who. And Costello don't like to gamble, when he don't have to. No use our kidding ourselves."

"He don't own the Yankees," said the Yankee fan.

The salesman gave him an indulgent look and returned his gaze to the television screen. The little figures in Giant uniforms were putting together a couple of hits and a long fly ball to tie the score.

With that run, the Giant fans grew quiet and tense, again concentrating on the incredible vision of victory that had so often just failed to fade out forever. Again it had just not died. Now it grew very bright.

Even the Yankee fan was emboldened to tell the salesman, "That fix is looking kind of funny right now. Didn't you tell us this was in the bag for the Dodgers?"

"Pay no attention," the salesman advised. "They gotta make it look close, don't they? No use getting worked up, though."

This lofty cynicism was not compromised by the events that followed. Maglie gave up hits to Reese, Snider, Pafko, and Cox, and a walk to Robinson. Three Dodgers crossed home plate with runs. The score was 4-1 for the Dodgers, as Frank Costello had assertedly decreed.

The salesman leaned back judiciously, watching the screen and pushing out his lower lip. He didn't say anything. He didn't have to. I still couldn't figure whether he was a Dodger fan or just pleased with his own analysis of events.

The Giant fans there in the 8th inning were feeling terrible. It seemed as if it had all been in vain: the interminable pursuit, the incredible percentage of .830 since mid-August, the stubborn faith of the whole Giant team that they could yet do it. Like men who die on the slopes of Mount Everest a few hundred feet short of the summit, the Giants would be mourned by comrades and relatives but unknown to fame.

To the Giant fans, judging by myself, the salesman's talk of a fix was meaningless. If the game had been fixed for the Giants to win, it had reached a pass where only a superhuman effort could win it, even with the full cooperation of a large part of the Dodger team.

If it had been fixed for the Giants to lose, there was no trouble.

Just three outs were left in the 1951 National League baseball season, three Giant outs against Newcombe with his jutting farmer's jaw and the sinewy arm that was blasting the ball past the Giants.

Not much was asked of the next three Giants—only that they bounce a white ball out of reach of a scattering of men in a child's game. But that little thing was something they had not, when they were minutes and hours younger and more sanguine, been able to do much of.

The wrappings of eight innings of failure constricted their arms and legs. It smothered their spirits, made it hard to see the white ball when it loomed suddenly out of the fog of failure. It was still a small thing to do; they had to do it standing in a hole eight innings deep.

The first Giant batter was Dark. He kept spoiling the strikes with foul balls. Newcombe ran to the full count. It seemed as if the big, high-shouldered pitcher might just possibly be tiring. And then Dark did it. He hit the little ball out of reach of the first line of men in the field.

All year, Giant fans had grown accustomed to building dreams on far less than a hit. Anything was suddenly possible. But it was still a good way from probable.

It was infectious. Mueller got a hit. Monte Irvin, who could not fail, popped up. The possible looked

only possible. Then Lockman tore a steaming double. A run came in with Dark. It was 4-2, with Giants on 2nd and 3rd, and two outs to go. Any decent hit would bring them both in and tie the score.

Mueller had sprained his ankle, sliding into 3rd. Separate knots of players gathered around Mueller and Newcombe. Mueller's disability was easy to diagnose. Newcombe's required more consultation among men standing with bowed heads, avoiding one another's eyes, around the pitcher's mound.

But to the salesman it was still quite clear. "They're making it look close all right. Now watch. See if Bobby Thomson don't line into a double play. That wraps it up, nice and neat. But first they gotta give you heart failure. That's smart business, that's all. Smart business."

Mueller was taken off in a stretcher and replaced by a pinch runner. Newcombe was allowed to walk off the field.

The replacement in the pitcher's box was Fearless Ralph Branca. His first chore was to pitch to Bobby Thomson.

After Branca had had his fill of warm-up pitches, Bobby stepped into the batter's box and took a loose, crouching stance. Without any more ado, Ralph fearlessly whipped a strike past him. "Here we go," said the salesman. "This is it."

Precisely how that next ball approached the plate may be debated

for years. Thomson, however, was of the opinion that it was trying to get past him high and inside, a bad ball for him. Not liking the ball, he nevertheless swung at it.

On television it wasn't much to see. It just seemed as if, for no good reason, everyone had gone crazy.

The camera tried to follow the ball into the left-field stands, and then it showed grown men leaping and cavorting on and off the base paths. There on the sidewalk in front of the television store the Giant fans were screaming and hitting one another on the back. Passersby were gathering at the back of the knot around the store window.

The salesman, I noticed at last, hadn't moved or said a word. He stood staring at the screen with his jaw pushed out for half a minute. Then he turned and walked off slowly, not looking where he was going, stumbling a step or two before he got his bearings.

I stopped to wonder why none of the Giant fans with their absolute faith had punched him in the nose for his story of a "fix."

But of course the salesman had known what he was doing. The belief in heroism, in purity of motive and character, is all but dead. The "only-human" theory of human conduct dominates America from bottom to top. The salesman was vending safe and sound clichés.

Perhaps the salesman had not had the stamina to go on hoping

in the void of destiny. Perhaps he had needed a sure thing, a "fixed" thing. And so his natural instinct had been to besoil the intolerable suspense with the "only-human" version of human behavior.

That at least is one theory about

the salesman. But I prefer another. The handsome man smiling at the screen with his superior knowledge, dropping his plausible cynicisms, filling the air with the faint, sharp smell of sulphur, may have been our old enemy, the Devil.

Miracle of the Bells

LEO DUROCHER doesn't know this, but I won the pennant for the Giants last year. My wife and I live in an apartment hard by the Carmelite convent in Indianapolis. The convent bells start pealing in the mornings around 6 o'clock. This is a little early for my wife and me. We used to definitely dislike them.

Now comes the part about the Giants. All year long I had been their most fanatical fan. Came the final game of the playoff with Brooklyn. I laid off from work, and was in front of the television set in our apartment when the game started. Agony possessed me as the Giants went into the last half of the 9th, trailing 4 to 1 and opposing the pitching of the great Don Newcombe.

Recall the inning. They started getting to Newcombe and scored a run, making the score Brooklyn 4, Giants 2. Two batters had been retired. Newcombe was relieved by Ralph Branca. Two men were on base and Bobby Thomson was at bat.

There was a wavering chance, yes, but the percentage just wasn't there. Branca pitched the first ball to Thomson. "Strike one!"

I was about ready to sag deep into my chair, when suddenly a thought occurred. Those convent bells, hadn't someone in a movie obtained a miracle from bells of this kind which had annoyed him? It was worth trying.

I said to my wife, "Dell, nothing can win this game for the Giants but a miracle . . . and I'm going to get that miracle!"

Turning my head in the direction of the convent, I said (and my wife can verify this), "If the Giants win this game I'll never gripe about those bells again!"

I had hardly turned back to the television set when "Wham!"—Bobby Thomson smacked the home run that cleared the bases and won the pennant for the Giants!

My wife shrieked. I screamed. Bedlam came from the TV set. And, very shortly thereafter the bells of the convent tolled, it seemed to me, triumphantly! It was perhaps the fastest miracle on record.

Jim Dilley.

Gruenther, Second Man in Europe

No one is better prepared to succeed General Eisenhower

By DAVID SCHOENBRUN

Condensed from the *Reporter**

GEN. DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER has a long-time friend in his present Chief of Staff, quiet and industrious Gen. Alfred M. Gruenther.

No man, not even Ike himself, knows SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters of Allied Powers in Europe) and its complex mechanisms better than Gruenther. The Chief of Staff is the principal engineer of this first truly integrated, international headquarters in history.

Ike's own choice for his successor (if and when he needs one) is Gruenther, a man who rose to four-star rank without ever having commanded an outfit in combat. But as one top French statesman put it, "We're not thinking about victory in war right now. We in Europe are thinking about peace."

Most Europeans think that Gruenther is the man who can keep the peace. They want to see SACEUR (Supreme Allied Commander in

Europe) wielding calipers and slide rules, calculating budgets, production and shipping schedules, and evaluating intelligence.

SHAPE is a brain trust. It is a compact planning staff, collecting and analyzing a mass of information on the armed forces, productive units, and financial, economic, and military resources of 12 nations. It converts information into schedules, timetables, and training centers, and eventually army divisions for the defense of west-

ern Europe. It is a gigantic enterprise that requires a highly specialized skill of the man who runs it. No man in the U.S. armed forces



Alfred Maximilian Gruenther was born in Platte Center, Neb., and attended St. Joseph's high school there. Before going to West Point, he was a cadet at St. Thomas Military academy in St. Paul, Minnesota.

today possesses that specialized skill to the extent that Gruenther does.

Gruenther's talents for organization brought him fame long before he became chief planner of the U.S. army at the end of the war. Twenty years ago he umpired the world championship contract bridge tournament between Ely Culbertson and Sidney Lenz. Hal Lee Sims, one of America's greatest card experts, said that Gruenther lifted contract-bridge tournaments from the circus level to that of chess tournaments. He was an instructor in mathematics at West Point at that time. For a \$100 fee he used to umpire all night, sleep in the back of his car while his wife drove him back to the academy, and turn up fresh and sharp for his morning math class.

Today he has the same ability to work without showing any signs of fatigue. One of his principal aides, Col. Robert Wood, a fellow instructor at West Point in those bridge-tournament days, told me that Gruenther now begins his day at 8 A.M. and works with hardly a break until late at night. He then takes home a brief case crammed with work, and the next day distributes a storm of memos. They are sent out attached to staff reports that, apparently, he has spent the night reading.

Gruenther has intuitions that startle even Eisenhower. Staff officers tell the story of an early-morning conference that Ike called on a

logistics problem. Gruenther told one staff assistant to prepare a series of charts on a subject not even remotely connected with the conference: personnel distribution of SHAPE.

The meeting ran off on schedule; the logistical problem was analyzed, and the officers prepared to leave. Ike looked at his watch and said, "Gentlemen, we finished that in good time, and my next appointment is a few minutes off. Could you fill me in on personnel distribution?" Gruenther nodded his head to the stunned officer who had prepared the charts on personnel distribution and told him to brief the SACEUR.

Gruenther's is the rare and precious ability to master detail and synthesize it. Perhaps nowhere in the world is brain power more important than it is at SHAPE today. SHAPE's task is to fuse into an organic community, not a country, but a civilization so vast and complex that no man has yet measured it.

One day a few weeks ago, an urgent telephone call was piped to Gruenther's office from one of our Latin allies. American engineers had gone to visit a new factory designed to make a vital part for a new aviation engine. They were reporting by telephone that the engine and the part for which the factory was designed were out of date: they had become obsolete two years ago, about the time when the

ground for the factory had been broken.

Somewhere a cog had slipped in the intricate machinery of the Western alliance. Said Gruenther wearily, "What we need is a great memory machine for collating all the information of the Western world—no one man can know all that is being made where, by whom, and for what."

The problems that reach Gruenther's office affect the policies of a dozen countries at every level. At the highest level, for example, is the problem of reserves. SHAPE believes that the economies of the Western world cannot permanently support huge standing armies; the Western world must be defended by large pools of reserves, called up at frequent intervals for refresher courses. But who will pay for these reserves; what French soldier will come back to summer service, giving up an already badly paid job for the pittance that is army pay? The solution, SHAPE believes, may have to be a common defense fund, out of which the reserves of all nations are paid when called up. Or, at the individual level, what is to be done at SHAPE when an American sergeant gets \$232 a month,

and the French sergeant sitting beside him gets something like \$50 a month? How do you bring these two men, plus their Italian, Belgian, and British colleagues, to feel that they are part of the same team?

To such problems and to a similar vast array of jagged facts, Gruenther is constantly addressing himself. The burden shows but little effect. Except for a slight pallor, Gruenther, at 52, looks, and is, as vigorous as a young man. His voice has the strident metallic sound of a veteran sergeant commanding a clumsy company on a windy drill ground. It packs authority and command not generally associated with planners.

It is a sign perhaps of a man ready to take the center of the stage himself. After a lifetime career as a staff officer, in the course of which he became the youngest brigadier general, and then the youngest major general in the army, Alfred Maximilian Gruenther looks ready for command.

Some European statesmen also recall that one Dwight D. Eisenhower never had commanded a combat unit in action before becoming supreme commander of the greatest invasion force in history.

He Couldn't Take It Either

Then there was the Missouri pastor who made a recording of the Mass. He sat down that night to listen to his sermon, awoke just as the choir was singing the recessional.

This Week.

BOOKS

OF CURRENT INTEREST

BY FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON

I Led Three Lives: Citizen, "Communist," Counterspy, *Herbert A. Philbrick, New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 323 pp., \$3.50; 1952.*

Whittaker Chambers, in a recent article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, tells us he had his first doubts of communism while he mused on the delicate whorls of his daughter's ears across the breakfast table. Herb Philbrick's experience was not that subtle. He was trying to sell advertising, and inadvertently bumped into a communist organization.

Noting his starry-eyed idealism in the cause of youth and peace, the communists decided to use Philbrick. He seemed an ideal man for their purposes. He was eminently respectable, moderately successful for a young man, happily married, and an ardent member of the Baptist church in Cambridge, Mass.

The communists made their one great mistake in thinking that Herb Philbrick's idealism was his only fine quality. One look at the alert face should have given them the clue to Philbrick's sharp intelligence and hard integrity.

With the help of communist organizers and some of Philbrick's unsuspecting friends, a Cambridge

branch of the Massachusetts Youth council was set up. After several meetings Philbrick found the ideals of the group steam-rolled by the communists. It was this prepared hardness and planned unity of purpose that gave away the show to Herb.

Unlike many Americans who live in their own selfish worlds, Philbrick was disturbed at what he discovered. After a long and worried debate in his own mind he took the problem to the FBI. There was nothing romantic, nothing cloak or daggerish in the reception he got. The FBI operator was almost coy! Philbrick was advised to play along with the youth group and report his findings. This might have discouraged a man less alive and less determined than Philbrick. He made his assignment count, and the story of the game he played, told without much drama, beats the most super-doooper detective story.

Herb was advised to join the party. He did so, and went up and up in the communist councils. They tested him, spied on him, and eventually trusted him in a fashion which enabled Philbrick to play a large part in exposing the 11 top communists. Even more important

than that service was Philbrick's insight into the ways in which communists use liberal causes, idealists—even church groups—in their plan to divide Americans and prepare the way for the day when the government can be overthrown by actual revolution.

Philbrick gives us a fine map of the four types of fronts used by the communists. This material, which is to be found in Chapter 14, is far and away the most important section in the book. Chapter 14 should be read and pondered by every American worthy of the name. We all know something about the first three types of fronts: the communist front actually directed by communists; the coalition front "in which the party openly joins hands with other organizations; the humanitarian groups infiltrated by undercover communists and played upon to achieve communist purposes." To these Philbrick adds another category which he calls the "most important of all."

This fourth type of front is infiltrated by the communists for the purpose of concealing their communist background. "The more respectable the group the greater the protection it gives the commies who have taken refuge in it."

It is this front which makes Philbrick cry out in anguish, "Where communism is concerned, there is no one who can be trusted. Anyone can be a communist. Anyone can suddenly appear in a meeting

as a communist party member—close friend, brother, employee or even employer, leading citizen, trusted public servant. Now I could understand the instruction of the party leaders when I first joined: 'Your membership will be secret. Don't separate yourself from the masses. Maintain your normal ties and lead a perfectly normal life.' Anyone can do that, I reflected. No one is safe. No one can be trusted. There is no way to distinguish a communist from a non-communist."

With a touch of intense drama Philbrick points up his observations by giving us an example of the shock he received when he came across a vice-president of a big New England firm at one of the inner-council meetings of the Communist party. "His warm personality, his hearty affability, and his intrinsic gentleness" made people say of him, "He means well—and such a good guy." In that sentence Philbrick puts his finger on the epitaph that may be written on America's tombstone.

There are many reasons why church people ought to ponder the lessons of Chapter 14. Are not those who sponsor hate toward other religious groups playing into communist hands? Willingly or unwillingly, knowingly or unknowingly, with malice or without it, *are* they not playing the communist game? Should we not be suspicious of those among us, Jewish, Protestant or Catholic, who harp on old

wrongs and are quick to revive old quarrels? May not these be some of the faceless servants of their Red masters bent on their task of dividing Americans from one another? And in so doing are they not helping the cause of atheism by exposing the hollowness of sham religious kindness and charity?

Catholic organizations may well ponder the moral. How many of the faceless have we harbored behind our façade of respectability? We, like all religious groups, provide an ideal refuge for these

fourth-fronters. Now that the communists have gone underground the danger has come closer to us.

Herb Philbrick in leading three lives has done us all an immense service. Whittaker Chambers says that the secret of communist power is the ability to "hold convictions and to act upon them. Communists are that part of mankind which has recovered the power to live or die—to bear witness—for their faith." That expresses the essence of Herb Philbrick—religious man and heroic citizen.

BOOKS

SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

147 E. 5TH ST., ST. PAUL 1, MINN.

(Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount.)

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. Chestnut Squirrel, *by Henry Steele Commager* (Houghton, \$2.00).

Intermediate—9 to 12. Bernard and His Dogs, *by Claire Huchet Bishop* (Houghton, \$2.00).

Boys—12 to 16. Father Junipero Serra, *by Ivy Bolton* (Messner, \$2.75).

Girls—12 to 16. Sybil Ludington's Ride, *by Erick Berry* (Viking, \$2.50).

Knowledge Builders. From Trees to Paper, *by Henry B. Lent* (Macmillan, \$2.75).



Upside Down

A friar bemoaned to a friend of his the fact that his monastic Order was not as famous as the Jesuits for scholarship, or the Trappists for silence and good works.

"But," he added, "when it comes to humility, we're the tops."



My Love Found Home

By DOROTHY DAY

Condensed from *The Long Loneliness**

No modern career has been more involved in the struggle for social justice and human rights than that of Dorothy Day. She has spent her life fighting poverty and suffering. She was always radical, in the good sense, conspicuously selfless and with a need to be in the front line. It was a happy moment when she found faith; it brought into the Church her example of crusading Christian charity that will not compromise. Her new book is the story of her life. The section condensed here is the most significant, for here she tells of her conversion.

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My life has been divided into two parts. The first 25 years were floundering years, of joys and sorrow it is true, but of insecurity. I did not know in what I believed, though I tried to serve a cause.

The man I loved, with whom I entered into a common-law marriage after the 1st World War, was an anarchist. His name was Forster, and he was English by descent, and a biologist. He had attended the universities of Georgia and Virginia, and spent most of his time during the 1st World War hospitalized with influenza. When I met him he was out of uniform and had begun to get back some of the 75 pounds he had lost during his hospital year.

We lived on the seashore. His work took him into the city during the week, and I looked forward to his homecomings on Friday. Sometimes work was slack—he made gauges. Then he spent all his time on the beach. We fished together, we walked every day for miles, we collected and studied together, and an entire new world opened up to me little by little. We did not talk much, but “lived together” in the fullest sense of the phrase. I read novels and spent those first few winters on the beach with Tolstoi, Dostoevski and Dickens. I did little real studying but I read the Bible a little and the *Imitation of Christ*. Forster read perhaps one novel a year.

Our little house was furnished

very simply with a driftwood stove in one corner, plenty of books, comfortable chairs and couches. My writing table faced the window, where I could look out at the water all day. On the walls hung our collections: horseshoe crabs, spider crabs, the shell of a huge sea turtle, mounted fish heads, boards covered with starfish, sea horses, pipe and file fish, all picked up in little pools at low tide.

Forster had always rebelled against family life and the tyranny of love. It was hard for me to see at such times why we were together. He never allowed me to forget that this was a comradeship rather than a marriage.

He worked as little as possible and shared in all the expenses of the house, but he never spent any money if he could help it. He hated social life, and seemed afraid of any actual contact with the world, but he was much engrossed in its concerns. He would read the *Times* out loud, vehemently, and all I knew of world politics I knew from his reading at the breakfast table. I would go around in a stew over our intervention in Nicaragua or the political situation in New York. He seemed to love birds and beasts and children because they were not men.

But his rebellion against life as man had made it was an abstract thing, and that made me respect his ideas. Our quarrels were not bitter. He personally had not suf-

fered want, but economic inequality was a terrible thing to him. He personally had not been in jail, but his rage at the system which confined political agitators to jail ate into him. And yet he did nothing but enclose himself, escape to his fishing, or seek refuge in tending a garden.

I WAS surprised when I found myself beginning to pray daily. I could not get down on my knees, but I could pray while I was walking. If I got down on my knees I would think, "Do I really believe? Whom am I praying to?" A terrible doubt would come over me, and a sense of shame, and I would wonder if I was praying because I was lonely, because I was unhappy.

But when I walked to the village for the mail, I found myself praying again, holding in my pocket the rosary that a friend had given me some years before. Maybe I did not say it correctly but I kept on saying it because it made me happy.

Then I thought suddenly, scornfully, "Here you are in a stupor of content. You are biological. Like a cow. Prayer with you is like the opiate of the people." And over and over again in my mind that phrase was repeated jeeringly, "Religion is the opiate of the people."

"But," I reasoned with myself, "I am praying because I am happy, not because I am unhappy. I did not turn to God in unhappiness, in grief, in despair, to get consolation,



to try to get something from Him."

It was impossible to talk about religion or faith to Forster. The same love of nature which was bringing me to faith cut Forster off from religion. I had known Forster a long time before we contracted our common-law relationship, and I have always felt that it was life with him that brought me natural happiness, that brought me to God. His ardent love of creation brought me to the Creator of all things. But when I cried out to him, "How can there be no God when there are all these beautiful things," he turned from me uneasily and complained that I was never satisfied. We loved each other so strongly that he wanted to remain in the love of the moment.

I could not see that love between man and woman was incompatible

with love of God. God is the Creator, and the very fact that we were begetting a child made me have a sense that we were made in the image and likeness of God, co-creators with him. I was grateful to God for love. Forster had introduced me to so much that was beautiful and good that I felt I owed to him, too, this renewed interest in the things of the spirit.

He had all the love of the English for the outdoors in all weather. He used to insist on walks no matter how cold or rainy the day, and this dragging me away from my books into the open made me begin to breathe. If breath is life, then I was beginning to be full of it because of him. I was filling my lungs with it, walking on the beach, resting on the pier beside him while he fished, rowing with him in the bay, walking through fields and woods—a new experience entirely for me, one which brought me to life, and filled me with joy.

For a long time I had thought I could not bear a child, and the longing in my heart for a baby had been growing. My home, I felt, was not a home without one. The simple joys of the kitchen and garden and beach brought sadness with them because I felt myself unfruitful, barren. No matter how much one was loved or one loved, that love was lonely without a child. It was incomplete.

I will never forget my blissful

joy when I was first sure that I was pregnant; I had wanted a baby all the first year we were together. When I was finally sure, it was a beautiful June day, and we were going on a picnic to Tottenville to see a circus. We brought dandelion wine and pickled eels and good homemade bread and butter. A fantastic lunch, but I remember enjoying the root beer and popcorn later, and feeling so much in love, so settled, so secure that now I had found what I was looking for.

That happiness did not last all through my pregnancy. There were conflicts because Forster did not believe in bringing children into such a world as we lived in. He still was obsessed by the war. His fear of responsibility, his dislike of having the control of others, made him feel that he of all men should not be a father.

But our child came, in March at the end of a harsh winter. In December I had come in from the country and taken an apartment in town. My sister came to stay with me, to help me over the last hard months. It was good to be there, close to friends, close to a church where I could pray. I read the *Imitation of Christ* a great deal during those months. I knew that I was going to have my child baptized, cost what it may. I knew that I was not going to have her floundering as I had done, doubting and hesitating, undisciplined and amoral. I felt it was the greatest thing I

could do for my child. For myself, I prayed for the gift of faith. I was sure, yet not sure. I postponed the day of decision.

Becoming a Catholic would mean facing life alone, and I clung to family life. It was hard to contemplate giving up a mate in order that my child and I could become members of the Church. Forster would have nothing to do with religion or with me if I embraced it. So I waited.

When the little one was born, my joy was so great that I sat up in bed in the hospital and wrote an article for the *New Masses* about my child, wanting to share my joy with the world. I was glad to write this joy for a workers' magazine. It was a joy all women knew, no matter what their grief at poverty, unemployment, and class war.

That article so appealed to my Marxist friends that the account was reprinted all over the world in workers' papers. Diego Rivera, when I met him some four years afterward in Mexico, greeted me as the author of it. And Mike Gold, at that time the editor of the *New Masses*, said it had been printed in many Soviet newspapers and that I had rubles awaiting me in Moscow.

When Tamar Teresa, for that is what I named her, was six weeks old, we went back to the beach. It was April and, though it was still cold, it was definitely spring.

Yet deep moments of happiness

would give way to the feeling that a long silent fight was still to be gone through. It got to the point where it was the simple question of whether I chose God or man. I had known enough of love to know that a good healthy family life was as near to heaven as one could get in this life. It was not because I was tired of sex, satiated, disillusioned, that I turned to God. Radical friends used to insinuate this. It was because through a whole love, both physical and spiritual, I came to know God.

From the time Tamar Teresa was born I was intent on having her baptized. There had been that young Catholic girl in the bed next to me at the hospital who gave me a medal of St. Thérèse of Lisieux.

"I don't believe in these things," I told her, but it was another example of people saying what they do not mean.

"If you love someone, you like to have something which reminds you of them," she told me.

Near home, I did not know any Catholic to speak to. The grocer, the hardware storekeeper, my neighbors down the road were Catholics, yet I could not bring myself to speak to them about religion. I was full of the reserve I noted in my own family. But I could speak to a nun. So when I saw one walking down the road near St. Joseph's-by-the-Sea, I went up to her breathlessly and asked her how I could have my child baptized.

She was not at all reticent about asking questions and not at all surprised at my desires. She was a simple old Sister who had taught grade school all her life. She was now taking care of babies in a huge home on the bay which had belonged to Charles Schwab, who had given it to the Sisters of Charity. They used it for summer retreats for the Sisters and to take care of orphans and unmarried mothers and their babies.

Sister Aloysia had had none of the university summer courses that most Sisters must take nowadays. She never talked to me about the social encyclicals of the Popes. She gave me a catechism and brought me old copies of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, a magazine which, along with the Kathleen Norris type of success story, had some good solid articles about the teachings of the Church. I read them all.

I studied my catechism well; I learned to say the Rosary; I went to Mass in the chapel by the sea; I walked the beach and prayed; I read the *Imitation of Christ*, and St. Augustine, and the New Testament.

"How can your daughter be brought up a Catholic unless you become one yourself?" Sister Aloysia kept saying to me. But she went resolutely ahead in making arrangements for the Baptism of Tamar Teresa.

"You must be a Catholic your-



self," she kept telling me. She discussed the various reasons why she thought I was holding back. She brought me pious literature to read, saccharine stories of virtue, emasculated lives of saints young and old, back numbers of pious magazines. William James, agnostic as he was, was more help. He had introduced me to St. Teresa of Avila and St. John of the Cross.

ISOLATED as I was in the country, knowing no Catholics except my neighbors, who seldom read anything except newspapers and secular magazines, there was not much chance of being introduced to the good Catholic literature of the present day. I was in a state of dull content, not in a state to be mentally stimulated. I was too happy with my child. What faith I had I held

on to stubbornly. The need for patience emphasized in the writings of the saints consoled me on the slow road I was traveling. I would put all my affairs in the hands of God and wait.

Three times a week Sister Aloysia came to give me a catechism lesson, which I dutifully tried to learn. But she insisted that I recite word for word, with the repetition of the question that was in the book. If I had not learned my lesson, she rebuked me. "And you think you are intelligent!" she would say witheringly. "What is the definition of grace—actual grace and sanctifying grace? My 4th-grade pupils know more than you do!"

I hadn't a doubt but that they did. I struggled on day by day, learning without question. I was in an agreeable and lethargic, almost bovine, state of mind, filled with an animal content, not wishing to inquire into the dogmas I was learning. I made up my mind to accept what I did not understand, trusting light to come.

I had become convinced that I would become a Catholic; yet I felt I was betraying the class to which I belonged, the workers, the poor of the world, with whom Christ spent His life. I wrote a few articles for the *New Masses* but did no other work at the time. My life was crowded in summer because friends came and stayed with me, and some of them left their children. Two

little boys, four and eight years old, joined the family for a few months, and my days were full, caring for three children and cooking meals for a half-dozen persons three times a day.

Sometimes when I could leave the baby in trusted hands I could get to the village for Mass on Sunday. But usually the gloom that descended on the household, the scarcely voiced opposition, kept me from Mass. There were some feast days when I could slip off during the week and go to the little chapel on the Sisters' grounds. There were "visits" I could make, unknown to others. I was committed, by the advice of a priest I consulted, to the plan of waiting, and trying to hold the family together. But I felt all along that when I took the irrevocable step it would mean that Tamar and I would be alone, and I did not want to be alone. I did not want to give up human love when it was dearest and tenderest.

BOTH Forster and I suffered. He would not talk about faith, and relapsed into a complete silence if I tried to bring up the subject. The point of my bringing it up was that I could not become a Catholic and continue living with him, because he was averse to any ceremony before officials of either Church or state. He was an anarchist and an atheist, but he did not intend to be a liar or a hypocrite. He was a creature of utter sincerity,

and however illogical and bad-tempered he was, I loved him. It was killing me to think of leaving him.

It ended by my being ill the next summer. I became so oppressed I could not breathe, and I awoke in the night choking. I was weak and listless, and one doctor told me my trouble was probably thyroid. I went to the Cornell clinic for a metabolism test and they said my condition was a nervous one. By winter the tension had become so great that an explosion occurred and we separated. When he returned, I did not let him into the house; my heart was breaking with my own determination to make an end, once and for all, to the torture we were undergoing.

The next day I went to Tottenham alone, leaving Tamar with my sister, and there with Sister Aloysia as my godparent, I, too, was baptized conditionally, since I had already been baptized in the Episcopal church. I made my first confession right afterward, and looked forward the next morning to receiving Communion.

I had no particular joy in partaking of the three sacraments, Baptism, Penance, and Holy Eucharist. I proceeded grimly, coldly, making acts of faith, and certainly with no consolation whatever. One part of my mind stood at one side and kept saying, "What are you doing? Are you sure of yourself? What kind of an affectation is this? What

act is this you are going through? Are you trying to induce emotion, induce faith, partake of an opiate, the opiate of the people?" I felt like a hypocrite if I got down on my knees, and shuddered at the thought of anyone seeing me.

At my First Communion I went up to the rail at the *Sanctus* bell instead of at the *Domine, non sum dignus*, and had to kneel there all alone through the Consecration, through the *Pater Noster*, through the *Agnus Dei*—and I had thought I knew the Mass so well! But I felt it fitting that I be humiliated. The very way Catholics spoke, "to make a Communion" filled me with scorn. What a way to talk. One could at least be grammatical!

I speak of the misery of leaving one love. But there was another love, too, the life I had led in the radical movement. That very winter I was writing a series of articles, interviews with the workers, with the unemployed. I was working with the Anti-Imperialist league, a communist affiliate. I was just as much against capitalism and imperialism as ever, and here I was allying myself with the opposition, because of course the Church was lined up with property, the wealthy, the state, with capitalism, all the forces of reaction. This I had been taught to think and this I still think to a great extent. "Too often," Cardinal Mundelein said, "has the Church lined up on the wrong side."

But I wanted to be poor, chaste, and obedient. I wanted to die in order to live, to put off the old man and put on Christ. I loved, in other words, and like all women in love, I wanted to be united to my love. Why should not Forster be jealous?

I LOVED the Church for Christ made visible. Not for itself, because it was so often a scandal to me. Romano Guardini said the Church is the cross on which Christ was crucified; one could not separate Christ from His cross, and one must live in a state of permanent dissatisfaction with the Church.

The scandal of businesslike priests, of collective wealth, the lack of a sense of responsibility for the poor, the worker, the Negro, the Mexican, the Filipino, and the consenting to the oppression of them by our industrialist-capitalist order—these made me feel often that priests were more like Cain than Abel. "Am I my brother's keeper?" they seemed to say in respect to the social order. There was plenty of charity but too little justice. And yet the priests were the dispensers of the sacraments, bringing Christ to men, all enabling us to put on Christ and to achieve more nearly in the world a sense of peace and unity. The worst enemies would be those of our own household, Christ had warned us.

With all the knowledge I have gained these 21 years I have been a Catholic, I could write many a

story of priests who were poor, chaste and obedient, who gave their lives daily for their fellows, but I am writing of how I felt at the time of my Baptism.

Not long afterward, a priest wanted me to write a story of my conversion, telling how the social teaching of the Church had led me to embrace Catholicism. But I knew nothing of the social teaching of the Church at that time. I had never heard of the encyclicals. I felt that the Church was the Church of the poor, that it cared for the emigrant, established hospitals, orphanages, day nurseries, houses of the Good Shepherd, homes for the aged. But at the same time, I felt that it did not set its face against a social order which made so much charity necessary.

I felt that charity was a word to choke over. Who wished charity? And it was not just human pride but a strong sense of man's dignity and worth, and what was due to him in justice, that made me resent, rather than feel proud of, the number of Catholic institutions. Besides, more and more they were taking help from the state, and in taking from the state, they had to render to the state. They involved themselves with bureaus, building, red tape, legislation, at the expense of human values.

FOR a solid year there was little joy for me as the struggle continued. I knew a good priest who helped

me along the way. I was living in New York that winter and went to confession in a church on W. 14th St., Our Lady of Guadalupe. It was a narrow little church, served by the Augustinian Fathers of the Assumption, and there were Masses at 7, 8 and 9 A.M. Before every Mass priests came from the rectory next door to hear confessions. There were bells on the confessionals so that one could call a priest at any time of the day.

My priest's name was Father Zachary, and his previous assignment had been in the Holy Land. He was a Spaniard, a gentle old man who was good and patient with me. He was so gentle that one welcomed his questions, and when he found that I was baptized but not confirmed he began preparing me for Confirmation. He gave me Challoner's book of meditations to read and a St. Andrew's missal so that I could follow the Seasons of the Church, know the saints of the day, and read the instructions.

One confessor years later told me that he found little of Christ in my writings but much of self. I would have taken that criticism humbly except that he added, "I will tell you when to write." Since this priest was one who objected to all my social interests on the ground that it was too late to do anything except prepare for death, I left him and found another. Thank God, one can change one's confessor. As a matter of fact, I have been singu-

larly fortunate in good parish priests, Order priests and diocesan, to whom I could go. I was happy indeed with Father Zachary.

In turn, Father Zachary read some of my articles and short stories, and confessed that he found them very dull and unadorned. "You have no style," he would complain. "You are too grim, too realistic."

But often when I had made my confession and my act of contrition and he had given me absolution, he would lean over and whisper, "Have you sold any stories lately?"

Such an interest was not as mundane as one might think. I was still working for the Anti-Imperialist league, and Father Zachary allowed me to keep my job until I could find another.

My Confirmation was joyous. I went on Pentecost Sunday afternoon to the Convent of the Holy Souls on 85th St. near 3rd Ave. There, in company with a large group of adults, to the sweet singing of the nuns, I received the sacrament. I took the name of Maria Teresa.

ABOUT a year later one of my friends was working with the unemployed councils which had been formed to combat unemployment, demand relief, and protest evictions. Now there was a plan to rent trucks and bring groups to Washington, there to be met by other groups from all over the country.

Those who could not go with a truck came by boxcar from as far west as Seattle, Portland, and San Francisco, and joined the trucks in some eastern city. A number of them gathered in Union Square to start the Hunger March, as they called it, to Washington.

I was told of the projected trip. There was an unemployed council in every neighborhood, and the members garnered their small resources of money and men to go to Washington and present the case of the destitute. The councils were communist dominated, of course, but the rank-and-file membership was made up of every political color and creed.

Since I could leave my daughter, I decided I would go to Washington, not as a delegate, but as a reporter, for the *Commonweal*, the first Catholic publication for which I had written. At the same time as this demonstration of the unemployed, there was a farmers' convention in Washington, made up

of rank-and-file small farmers and tenant farmers from around the country. This was also communist inspired. *America*, the Jesuit weekly, offered to pay me for an article about that.

I had had a peaceful summer and fall. But now, at the beginning of December, I was in the thick of the struggle again, writing not the nice leisurely novel but the immediate flash story of revolt. That was how the newspapers interpreted it. It was an impressive demonstration. Leaving New York, the procession of old trucks and cars, such as the Joad family in *Grapes of Wrath* traveled in some years later in quest of land and work, paraded through various cities, and, where they could, stopped to hold meetings in Protestant churches and labor halls. In one such church in Wilmington, Del., the police broke up the meeting by throwing tear-gas bombs through the windows, and when the marchers broke out from the church in disorderly fashion, club-



bed and arrested those whom they suspected of being the leaders.

In spite of such incidents, and there were others, the hunger marchers persisted and went on to Washington. We had been late in starting, and when we arrived, the marchers were there before us.

This was not long after the tear-gassing and routing of the veterans, who had encamped for a while in Washington to bring their plight before the legislators of the country. Now the papers were full of the communist menace. There were scare headlines, and as a result of the hysteria built up by the press, police had stopped the procession of trucks as it entered Washington on Route 1; there the men remained encamped for three days and nights.

The road was closed and all other traffic was rerouted. On one side was a park of sorts and on the other were railroad tracks; the police hemmed in the demonstrators, keeping them there with threats of tear gas and machine gunning. The demonstrators slept in trucks and on the roadside those first days of December when the weather was already bitter, while the respectable citizen slept in his warm bed and read comfortably of the "Reds" who had come to take over Washington. I do not think the people themselves were frightened. Left to themselves, they would reasonably have permitted the demonstration, have listened to the complaints, and

passed on the recommendations to proper authorities, expecting in due course that something might be done.

But the newspapers had to have their story. With scare heads, yellow journalism, and staccato radio, the tense, nervous stories built up, of communism at home and communist atrocities in the rest of the world.

AND then, after three days of mounting hysteria, suddenly permission was given to the marchers to proceed. On a bright sunny day the ragged horde, with banners flying, with lettered slogans mounted on sticks, triumphantly paraded 3,000 strong through the tree-flanked streets of Washington. I stood on the curb and watched them, joy and pride in the courage of this band of men and women mounting in my heart. But with it I had a bitterness, too, that since I was now a Catholic, with fundamental philosophical differences, I could not be out there with them. I could write, I could protest, to arouse the conscience, but where was the Catholic leadership, in the gathering of bands of men and women together, for the actual works of mercy? The comrades had always made works of mercy part of their technique in reaching the workers.

The demands of the marchers were for social legislation, for unemployment insurance, for old-age

pensions, for relief for mothers and children, for work. I remember seeing one banner on which was inscribed, "Work, not wages," a mysterious slogan having to do with man's dignity, his ownership of and responsibility for the means of production.

The years have passed, and most of the legislation called for by those workers is on the books now. I wonder how many realize just how much they owe the hunger marchers, who endured fast and cold, who were like the Son of Man, when He said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests: but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

When the demonstration was over and I had finished writing my story, I went to the national shrine at the Catholic University on the

feast of the Immaculate Conception. There I offered up a special prayer, a prayer which came with tears and with anguish, that some way would open up for me to use what talents I possessed for my fellow workers, for the poor.

As I knelt there, I realized that after three years of Catholicism my only contact with active Catholics had been through articles I had written for one of the Catholic magazines. Those contacts had been casual. I still did not know personally one Catholic layman.

And when I returned to New York, I found Peter Maurin—Peter the French peasant, whose spirit and ideas will dominate the rest of my life. Out of our community of interests grew the newspaper, the *Catholic Worker*. With that the second part of my life began.



Christian Civics

WHEREVER citizens are regarded as the exclusive property of the state, individual rights become meaningless. Whether it be a Roman emperor who sets up his own caprice as a supreme law for all citizens; or a prince who would not tolerate in his subjects any other religion but his own; or a legitimate monarch who identifies his own will with the state; or a Robespierre who proclaims liberty to be a despotism of reason, a despotism by which an autocrat can impose his will with the guillotine; or a Casimir Perier who identifies liberty with the caprice of the majority of the Chamber—the same practical result follows: the omnipotence of the state is destructive of personal liberty and of human rights.

Augustine J. Osgniach, O.S.B., in the *Christian State*. (Bruce; 1943) \$3.75.

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I think we can AVOID WAR if

we start worrying more about our dangers from within than from without. Hundreds of years ago, missionaries offered the Sacrifice of the Mass on logs and rocks amid the dangers of an unknown land. With prayer and struggle, we developed a country which has come to be one of the great nations of the world. But with

time, the simplicity of early America was lost. Birth control, euthanasia, a hundred moral dangers came to plague us. Now war and unrest seem unavoidable. But new hope came at Fatima. Prayer and penance may yet save the world. Even a few who pray and suffer will bring their nation to its knees.

Frank G. Breckley.

[For similar contributions of about 100 words filling out the thought after the words, I think we can avoid war if, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts will not be returned.—Ed.]

Oral Tradition?

Some tourists were telling of the wonders they had seen at the Louvre, in Paris. The husband praised the picture showing Adam and Eve and the serpent in the Garden of Eden. The wife was enthusiastic. "Yes," she gushed, "we found the picture most interesting. You see, we knew the anecdote."

Speakers' Magazine



Sister Mary Mercy (above) is now back in "busy Pusan" (right).

Back Home in KOREA



BY SISTER MARY MERCY

WHEN Sister Mary Mercy, M.D., arrived in Korea on March 19, 1951, epidemics were raging among the million homeless Koreans huddled around Pusan.

The army warned her that it could spare no facilities for nursing work. She and her group of Maryknoll Medical Sisters were the first women, except army nurses, to enter Korea since the war started.

These seven nuns, two doctors, three nurses, a pharmacist and an assistant, in their old convent, began

to care for the sick with supplies from their motherhouse in Ossining, N. Y., and from War Relief Services-NCWC.

In six months they had the largest dispensary and children's clinic in all Korea. Today they care for more than 35,000 people a month.

Most of these nuns spent years in Korea before the war, speak the language fluently, and regard Korea as 'home.' Sister Mercy's firsthand account on the following pages is a modern saga of charity.





"Sister Agnus Therese goes up the mountain on sick calls."

MARCH 19, 1951—It is so good to be home!

Sisters Augusta, Rose of Lima, and I arrived here by plane today. Father Craig met us at the airport. Ever-faithful Patricia Chang, our cook, and others from the compound were there to greet us with open arms.

There were shouts of joy, and all vied with each other to receive the first greeting from the Sisters. Patricia had a chicken dinner ready for us—something almost unheard of in Pusan at present.

Our 20 Korean Sisters moved into two large rooms to make room for us. Twenty exiled Carmelites are living in the house with the chapel. Two Korean priests have

the rooms above the dispensary. Fifty to 60 laypeople are crowded into other rooms; we are a big happy family.

MARCH 21—Pusan is a busy place! The streets are crowded with jeeps, trucks, and pedestrians, and everywhere we are greeted by American boys happy to see the Sisters.

The native Sister refugees of six different Congregations are all busy in the hospitals. Sister Augusta and I were present at the Baptism of 52 at one hospital, and it was a thrilling event.

Practically all of the schools have been turned over to the army to use for the wounded. Classrooms do not exist. Teachers have to try to find some more or less quiet spot

on the mountainside, or in some side street, to hold class. We can see about eight classes in session on the mountain behind our little house.

APRIL 5—I went out on sick call yesterday with two catechists. My clinic was in one of the small, mat sheds that crowd together supporting each other on the clay mountains and hills all over Pusan.

The thousands of refugees who pour into the city with nothing but their clothes come here to live in tiny sheds. Some do not even have the luxury of a straw mat for their roof, but must seek shelter in the ground. Life often begins and ends in holes that are hardly caves, dug in the clay hills. Sick and well huddle together in the one room.

APRIL 15—The American boys are wonderful; their generosity is outstanding. Even in the weeks that we have been here, boxes of supplies and food have been dropped at our front door.

Last Saturday we saw the beautiful UN cemetery. It reminds one of Arlington. Buried there are 4,500 dead.

APRIL 18—We have the dispensary working all day. We do not have enough room for all of us to work, but we are fixing up the first large room of the section to the front, adjoining the present dispensary. The other rooms of that section are occupied by our Korean Sisters.

We had enough shipping boxes to supply wood for most of the floor of that room, and are having it laid

now. We will get some more furniture, and outfit this as a pediatrics clinic.

Sister Agnus Thérèse has been going out on calls in the morning; then returning to help me clear up the morning's work in the dispensary. She makes trips to Young Do, on the other side of the town, where there are groups of sick people. She gives injections to a small girl with TB of the spine. We keep Dr. Ri for afternoon work. Sister Rose of Lima is at work in the pharmacy all day long.

Sister Andre gets the supplies in order and is managing the help. She will have a catechism class on Saturdays and I hope to get some classes started on the mountainside.



"Sister Rose of Lima is in the pharmacy all day long."

We will be happy when the other two arrive. It will mean so much to have the laboratory functioning.

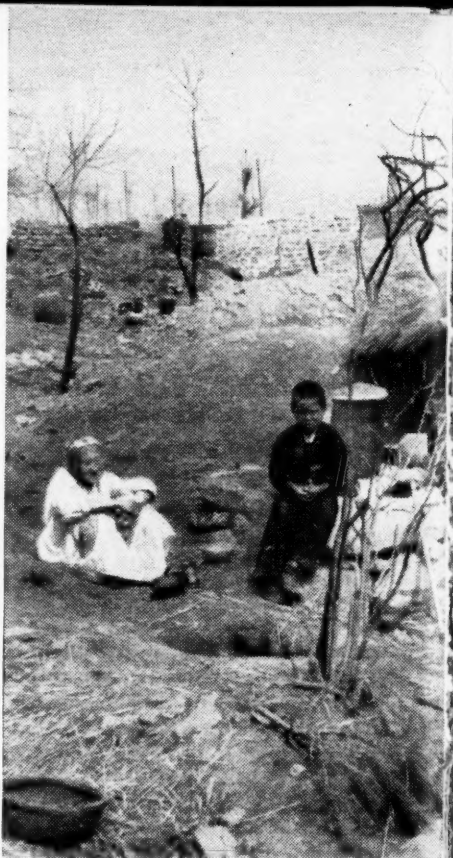
APRIL 23—Sister Augusta and I have been going out on the mountainsides or other places where there are refugees, and holding clinics. The people here are the poorest of the poor, living in sheds made of cartons and rice bags, with straw-bag floors. All cooking utensils seem to be made of old tin cans.

We crawl into these homes on hands and knees. Usually there is room for only one of us to enter. After we crawl in we must kneel or sit since we are too tall to stand up. Several times we have found a baby with full-blown smallpox or a patient critically ill with typhoid. Then the immunization program begins. We set up our vaccination table out in the open.

Water is both scarce and contaminated. The children are suffering acutely from lack of food. Several children who could not walk a few weeks ago are playing on the hillside with their friends, because we were able to help them with injections of vitamin B. (We have come to the last bottle now.)

We are trying to control whooping-cough epidemics in several localities. All the children refugees at the central Catholic church have whooping cough. Yesterday Sister Agnus ran into more smallpox, so they vaccinated 140 children.

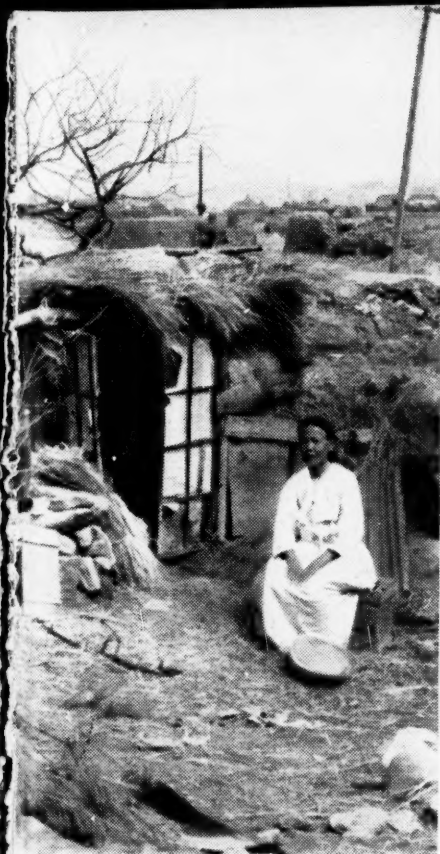
The people are grateful, treat us with respect, and are so happy to



"The people here are the poorest of the poor,

have us come to them in their poor homes. God has blessed our care of some very critically ill patients, and consequently the people look up to us and beg us to come to see the sick. Everyone thanks us for having come to help. No one else has gone to the people in their homes, where the real misery and suffering is hidden.

APRIL 26—The number of dispensary patients has grown by leaps and bounds. We are averaging



living in sheds made of cartons and rice bags."

about 150 a day. Yesterday, including sick calls, we had 320.

The baby clinic is taking shape nicely. The cabinets should be ready next week. Then both Sister Agnus Thérèse and I will work there in the A.M. and Dr. Ri and one of us will work in the P.M., while the alternate Sister-doctor is out on calls. I hope to have Sister Augusta, R.N., and two of the Peng Yang Sisters help us in the dispensary.

The poor sick in their homes are

too ill to go to a hospital and usually too timid to ask an M.D. to come to see them. Most of them do not have enough to eat. All the patients we see in the dispensary or in their homes are really ill; they just would not be cared for if we were not here. There are no minor complaints; everything is serious.

MAY 3—It is quite a feat to climb these mountains after it has rained. It rained Wednesday and Thursday of last week, and Friday I had a call to the highest point on the highest mountain in Pusan. Well, you should have seen me!

The mother of the patient, and the catechist who accompanied me said that they were so sorry, that the Sister-doctor who is so old (Sister Mary Mercy is 45) was having such trouble puffing up the hill. There were some perilous spots where the path was very narrow and overhanging a precipice. One of my companions would pull, and the other push, both trying to hold my habit up, so that I would not fall.

Pusan clay is the slipperiest of all the slippery mud I have waddled through in my mission travels. We kept going up and up, and occasionally down, as I lost footing.

With all of this, we had a great following. The people on this mountainside had never seen a Sister before, and my speaking Korean intrigued them. They are used to Americans now, but not to Americans who speak their language.



"We crawl in on hands and knees . . . find full-blown cases of smallpox or typhoid."

I was amused at hearing all the remarks about my "age" as I went along. That seemed to impress everyone, that an old lady should climb this terrible mountain to see a poor sick boy. My special patient at the top of the mountain was a man of 22, dying of tuberculosis. His disposition was fine, and we instructed and baptized him.

Many of the bystanders wanted to know about the Church. The fact that I spoke Korean and also that I puffed my way up that hill made them wonder why I did it.

The man died two days later.

MAY 10—What a relief to have

something to work with! Today Northwest Airlines delivered a large shipment of medicines from New York.* We hurriedly packed the cartons in a jeep and found a secondhand icebox that looks like a huge safe. Fortunately we are able to make arrangements to get the ice, so all is well.

MAY 14—We opened our children's clinic. The wooden floor made of shipping cases is handsome. The number of patients grows every day. The past three days we have averaged about 230 a day.

*Medicines valued at \$25,000 sent by War Relief Services—NCWC.

Today a mother brought in a child and asked Sister Augusta to give it a double dose of the medicine. The baby was a twin, and since the other twin had the same disease she hadn't thought it necessary to bring both in.

JUNE 7—All this week we have had more than 400 patients a day! They are lined up in front of the dispensary at 5:30 A.M. Many visitors are surprised at the crowds. We mentioned the need of an additional waiting room yesterday. Today a group from the U.S. Army Engineers is building us an outdoor waiting room 30 feet long, and about 12 feet wide. Dr. Riverosa brought the civil-assistance command chiefs to see the work. They were amazed.

JUNE 15—We now have our jeep. It helps to cover a lot of ground. Everyone knows our black jeep, "the Beetle." With the help we receive from the hospital here, especially blood for transfusions, Sister has been able to give our patients the very best of care.

As for me, the "Grandmother Doctor," I plough through hundreds of patients and try to say a prayer for each one. We are hoping for a good supply of milk. Monsignor Carroll assures us that there is some on the way. The children are so sick and pathetic! We see real starvation.

JULY 3—During the afternoon a large shipment of War-Relief clothing was sent up. We set to work sorting out the summer things after

Benediction. Tomorrow, in addition to the injection line, the examination line, and the medicine line, there will be a clothes line, as the children of Pusan take the hand-me-downs from back home.

Sister Agnus Thérèse came out from a visit to one of the mud huts to find her "thank you"—a chicken safely tied to the jeep.

In June we took care of more than 11,000 patients, and had 52 Baptisms. Our waiting room now finished is rough, but it is a real shelter against rain and sun, and later cold. The crowds begin to gather at about 3:30 or 4 A.M. and all during Mass we hear the bustle and clamor of the growing mob.

Many of the Catholic nurses and doctors have been interested and helpful. An orthopedic man from the 3rd Station hospital has been coming once a week to put casts on some of our children with tuberculous spines and hips.

JULY 6—The buildings are still completely occupied by refugee Sisters; as a result our work is somewhat cramped. We see more than 500 patients daily. Some days there are more than 600. They start clamoring at our gates around 4 A.M., and we cannot see many of these until the late afternoon. It seems we have to increase our staff every week. We have three doctors (a native M.D. besides ourselves), five nurses, the pharmacist lab technician, and many lay helpers.

Seeing this number of patients means we need a lot of medicines.

We have made a list of our greatest needs; they are staggering quantities!

Aug. 1—On warm mornings I hold clinic out of doors to help handle the crowds. A strip of white tape marks off my office space. The waiting line stands outside that—we call it the 38th parallel. Patients now start lining up at 2 o'clock in the afternoon prepared to sleep on the street all night, and be in line in the morning. This afternoon at 4 they are lined up from the foot of our stairway all the way to the main street.

I have someone look over the crowd to see if there are any critically ill. The very sick ones usually have someone else come and spend the night here holding a place for them. There must be 400 people out there tonight.

Aug. 10—Tomorrow we expect General Yout, commanding officer of Pusan. As the general comes into our grounds tomorrow he will be greeted by 40, or maybe 80, huge crates of matzoth. They were left over from a large shipment, and the Jewish chaplain sent them to us. The children here love them, as



"We have opened our children's clinic. . . . We start with soap and water before any treatment can begin."



"Sister Augusta, R.N., helps take charge of the dispensary."

does everyone. We take the wrappers off and distribute them to those in our food line. The packing cases will build a house for our handyman and carpenter.

AUG. 30—The latest is that we have the water problem settled! The army will see that we get the water. God's providence is just sweeping us along!

An army M.D., a pediatrician, wants to come for a couple of hours every day. We will have to have an interpreter for him.

SEPT. 1—We received several barrels of milk, and dehydrated eggs from War Relief Services-NCWC. Our problem now is to find containers for dispensing the milk. We did have a good supply of waxed paper bags, from the matzoth cartons. But now that the last cartons are disappearing we will have to

make paper bags or devise some other means of dispensing the milk.

SEPT. 7—Today Sister Agnès Thérèse is showing off her new pair of Korean shoes. Yesterday as she stepped from the hut of one of her patients, her eyes scanned the row of Korean shoes lined up outside of the door, in search of her own. Then seeing the pair with the special lining Sister has in the bottom of hers, she slipped into them and was off in the jeep on her next call. Only then did she notice that her shoes were brown instead of the black ones she had been wearing. Still the lining was hers. Then Sister realized that the family she had visited must have noticed the soles coming off her old shoes on her last visit. And so, had the gift of a new pair ready for her on this visit.

Oct. 1—Many UN and relief representatives come to visit us, and are amazed at the number of patients and their sad state. What gives me the greatest consolation is that everyone knows that this is the work of the Church.

Oct. 7—It is taking almost super-human strength and energy to meet the crowds that come to us daily. The numbers at the clinic increase every day. On busy days we have more than 1,900; almost 1,950 one day this week. I don't know how the medicines last.

Oct. 14—There was an outdoor entertainment for my feast day. Sister Herman Joseph dressed four of the children in newspaper costumes, and they serenaded me. We had to carry them down the steps

so as not to tear the stiff skirts.

Within two weeks or so we expect to move the babies' clinic into the new hut. "My Blue Heaven" they call it, since it is painted bright blue on the outside! It will make it easier to handle the crowds. It is very noisy in so small a space now. Such very sick babies as come in! Often you start with soap and water before any treatment can be given.

Oct. 15—Our personnel now numbers 35. The people come to us with their dying children. We are able to help some physically, but others seem to come only for Baptism. There are ten or 12 Baptisms a day.

It is raining hard today and there are typhoon warnings, but still there is a line-up of several hundred people in the road in front of our place for tomorrow's clinic.

Oct. 30—As the people come with such confidence, I am always mindful of how our Lord was pressed by similar multitudes. Thanks be to God that we are permitted to help. Today it is pouring rain but there are still hundreds of people in line for tomorrow. I dread the thought of winter for our people. They have no warm clothing!

Nov. 1—Each patient is an adventure in grace. One of them, Maria, as she lay gasping for breath, handed me some money in an envelope. As I was about to gently return it, she said, "Sister, that is not to pay for your services. It is for you to



"We started our big immunization."



"U. S. Army Engineers are building us an outdoor waiting room."

give to some poor patient who needs it more than I do."

Nov. 13—We might have had to close shop but again the large shipment from War Relief Services—NCWC came through. Our work has grown to such proportions that it has become a real problem to meet the daily demands for medicine. Just when we think we are at rock bottom, more supplies begin to come. We have been able to get a few things from army and medical units locally, but not in the quantities we need.

The number of patients is upwards of 1,500 daily now. Twice last week we reached more than 2,000. That means we keep employ-

ing more help every week. Though days are getting colder, the people still line up in the street by the hundreds, patiently awaiting their tickets to admit them to the clinic the following day.

Patients are being carried to us from great distances now; and every day sees Baptisms of adults and children in danger of death.

Nov. 19—Such numbers of patients, 1,500 to 2,400 daily! How hard it is to keep up with the medicines! Right now, we certainly are living and working on God's providence.

The poor people who crowd into our place every day, dying men and women as well as the many poor



"Everybody knows our jeep, the 'Black Beetle'!"

little starving children, are carried into the clinic.

We now have a staff of more than 40, including the nine of us. I am busy in the clinic from 8 in the morning until about 8 at night. This note is being written at 11 P.M.

DEC. 25—Christmas was happy in every way. Everyone helped to make it a real feast. We have a beautiful new floor in our chapel laid by men of the army medical depot; and we had midnight Mass.

For days before Christmas we were deluged with packages sent by the boys and nurses, their Christmas packages from home, just as they came! A group of about 30,

including doctors, nurses and corpsmen, came the Saturday before Christmas to wrap candy, cookies, and gum for the children. We had 1,000 packages.

Others trimmed the dispensary for Christmas, bringing their own Christmas tree and decorations. On Christmas day one of the army hospitals gave a Christmas party for 70 of our children. A wonderful time was had by all.

DEC. 27—Yesterday we were told that Cardinal Spellman would arrive. We were in readiness, and there were crowds and crowds of people everywhere. Finally the MP siren and the police escort announced the approach of His Emi-

nence and General Van Fleet and party. I escorted them to the grounds.

There were many very sick patients, as always. The crowds and their poverty and their look of expectancy all made a deep impression. When we indicated the nice large room which would be the laboratory, out of a clear sky His Eminence asked, "How much would it cost to equip a laboratory?"

I turned to Sister Herman Joseph, and said that she could answer that question better than I could. Without any hesitation, Sister said, "About \$5,000." Said the cardinal, "Has anyone a pen?" At that moment there were about six pens

forthcoming. So he wrote out a check and handed it to Sister Herman Joseph.

General Van Fleet was deeply moved at the sight of the poverty and malnourishment of the children, and asked many questions about the work. I managed to give them all a little glimpse of our chapel.

The cars were hardly out of sight when we gathered around to see the check Sister Herman Joseph had guarded safely. It was for TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.*

JAN. 2—Another fire in the refugee camp. Three weeks ago a fire destroyed a whole mountainside of

*The gift was made possible by the American chapter of the Knights of Malta.



"UN officials come to visit us." (Above is J. Donald Kingsley, head of the United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency.)

refugee huts. It was a terrible sight, and the aftermath was heartbreaking. Tonight, at this very moment, there is a repetition of it on the other side of the same mountain—and a high, cold wind.

Tomorrow the poor victims will come to us for help. We are starting immediately to have quilts made for them. Our poor, dear people! How dear they must be to God in all their suffering!

EDITOR'S NOTE—

The only Sister not mentioned in this narrative is Sister Alberta Marie

(Hanley), 26 years old, of Detroit, Mich. There were nine Sisters on the medical team. Now there are eight. Sister Alberta had studied the Korean language at Yale for a year. She arrived in Pusan in June, and went to work teaching catechism and acting as assistant pharmacist. She frequently went with Sister Mary Mercy up the hillsides to visit the refugees. In all she got in seven months of the grueling labor. Then she died of a rare blood disease, and was buried on the hillside that overlooks the clinic in Pusan.



"Four of the children, in newspaper costumes, serenaded me for my feast day."



"Our poor, dear people! What will become of them?"



KOREAN EMBASSY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 22, 1952

Dear Father Bussard,

I am very grateful to learn that the story of the splendid services performed for my people by the Maryknoll Sisters and War Relief Services—NCWC will be told in the April issue of your fine magazine.

In the past ten months I have been back and forth to my embattled country at least four times. I must tell you, not only as a Korean but in my professional role as a physician and surgeon, how deeply impressed and equally thankful I am for the great good accomplished. The Maryknoll Children's Clinic and Dispensary, caring for 35,000 refugees every month, daily rescues the victims of this cruel communist war. My countrymen will never forget nor cease to be grateful.

It was heartening to read that the American Bishops through their agency, War Relief Services—NCWC, will continue their magnificent assistance to Korea and will make a special appeal for my country in their annual fund-raising campaign on Laetare Sunday, March 23. Again, as a physician, I know that this aid will save the lives of many of my people so tragically threatened by tuberculosis and other diseases resulting from hunger and exposure.

May I add to the thanks already expressed by my great President and leader, Syngman Rhee, and our Prime Minister, John M. Chang. May God bless the generosity of the Catholics of America.

With my highest esteem and profound gratitude, I am

Very sincerely yours,

You Chan Yang